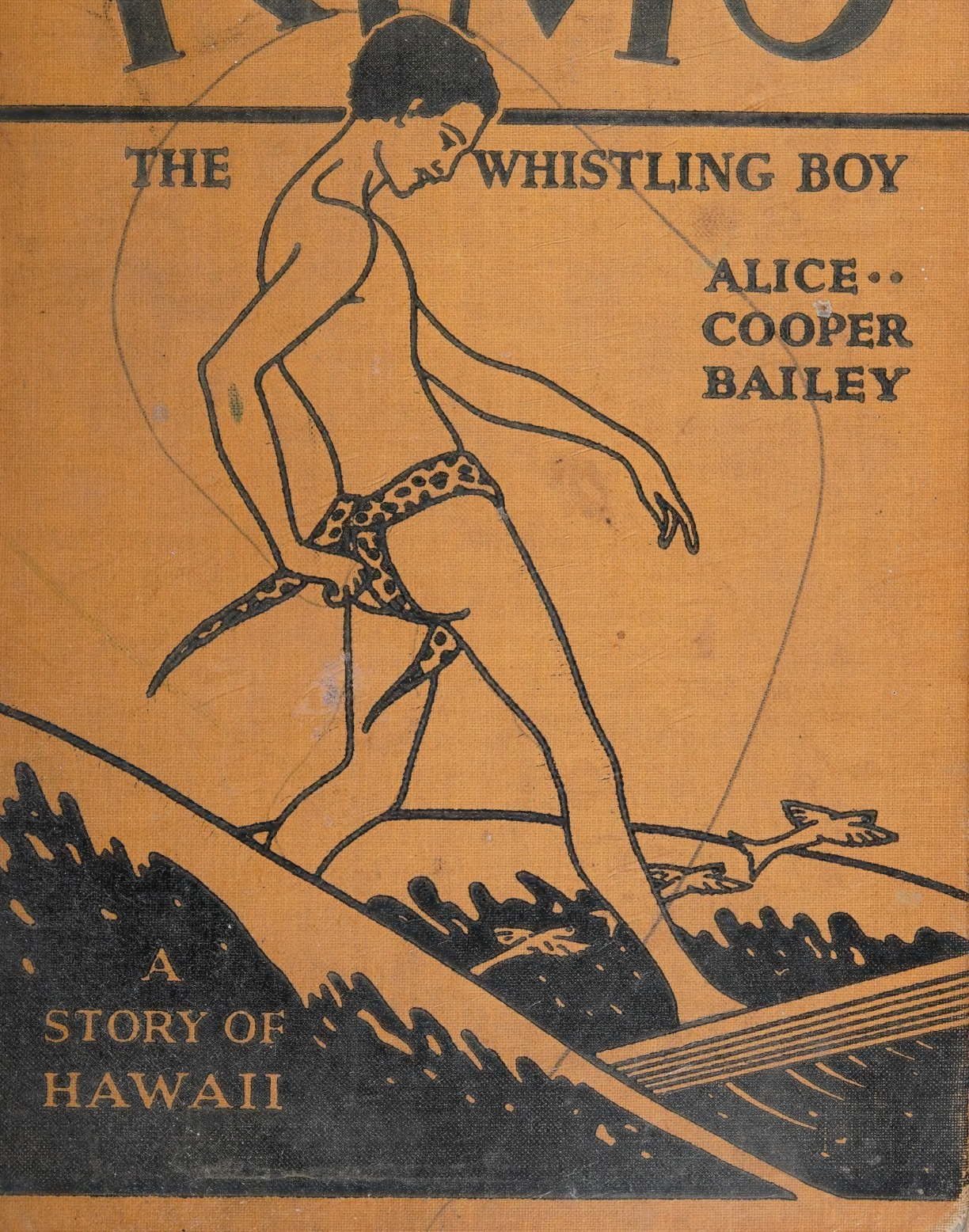
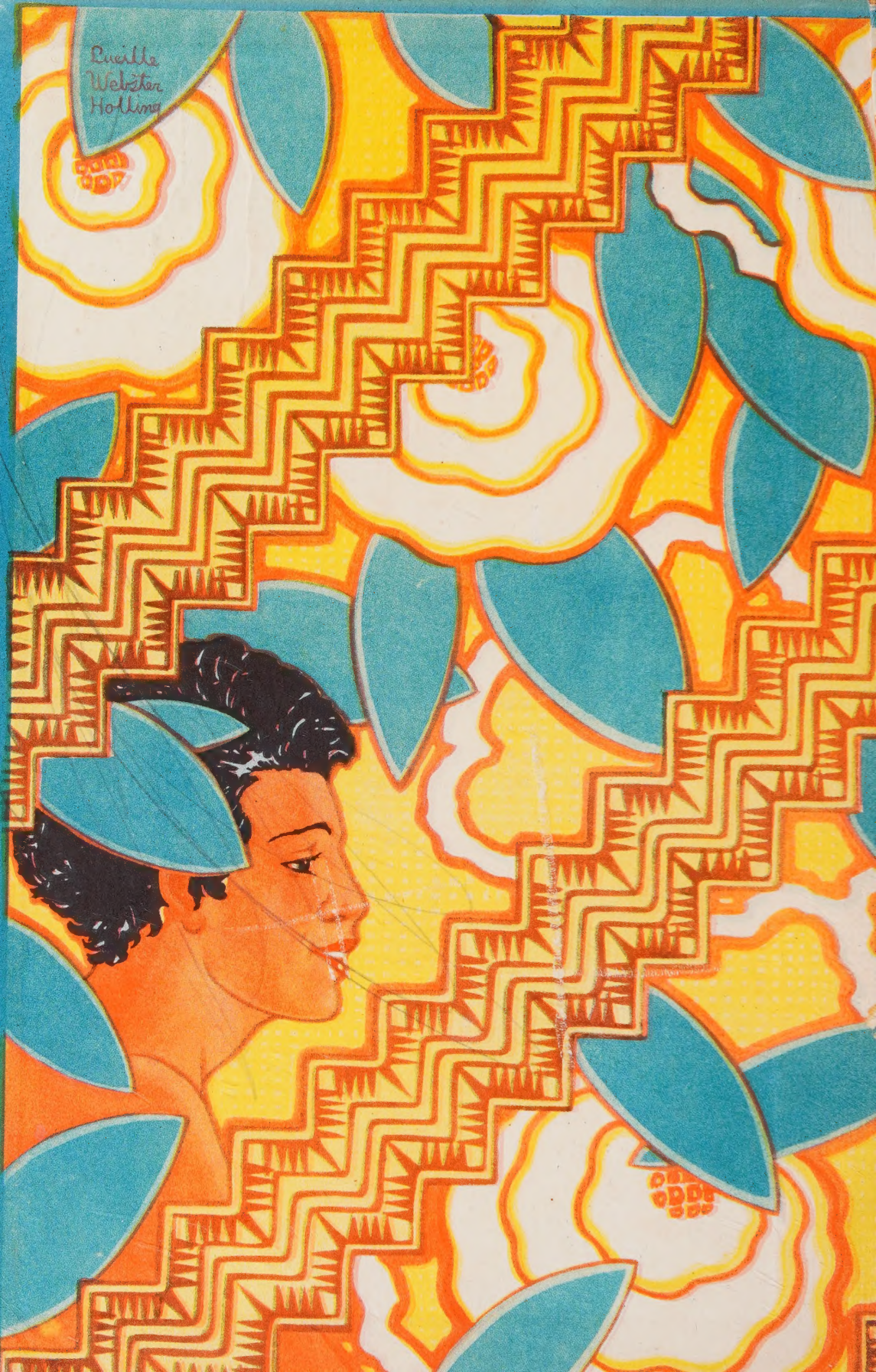
KIMO

THE WHISTLING BOY



ALICE ·· COOPER BAILEY

A STORY OF HAWAII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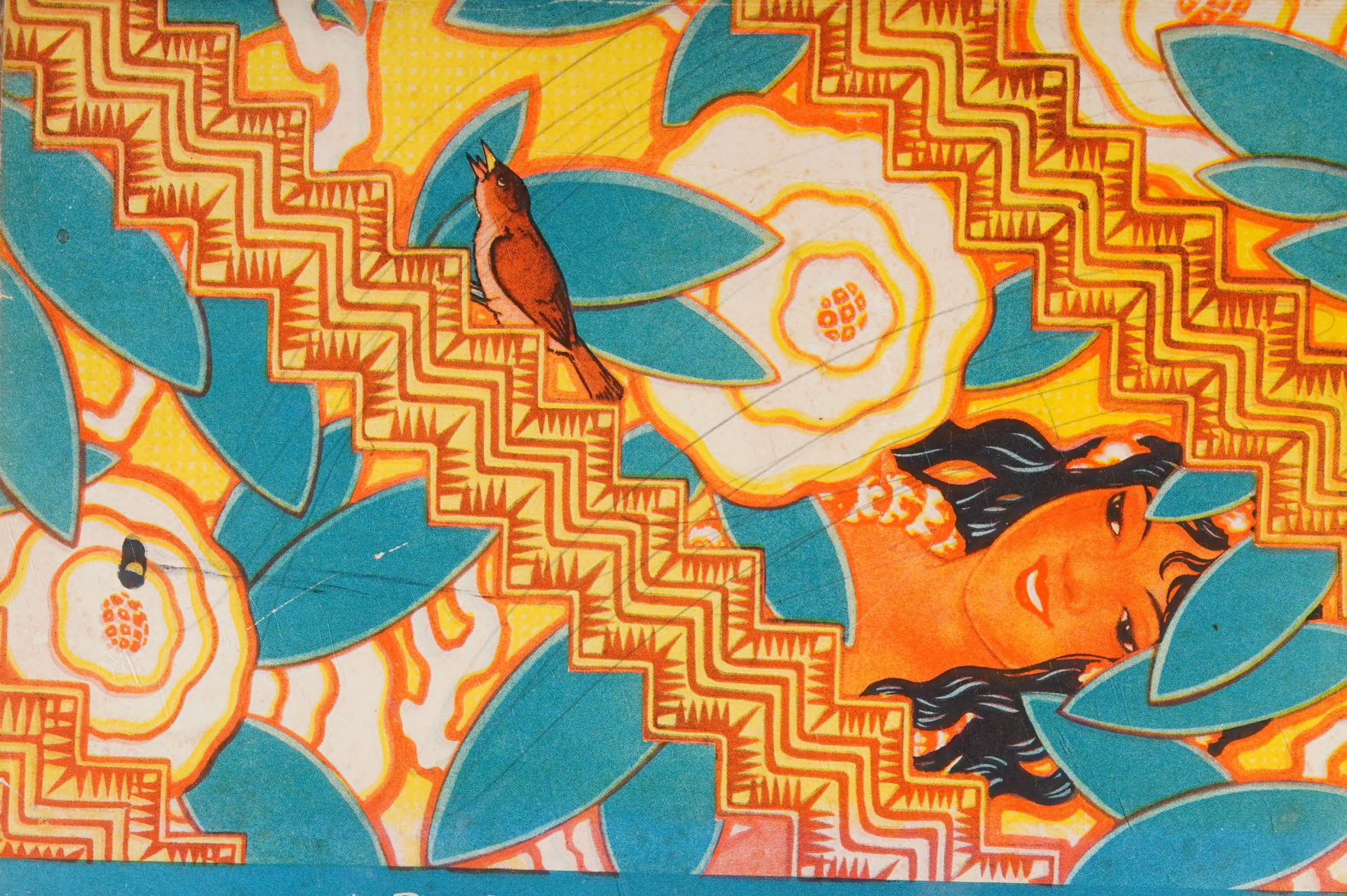

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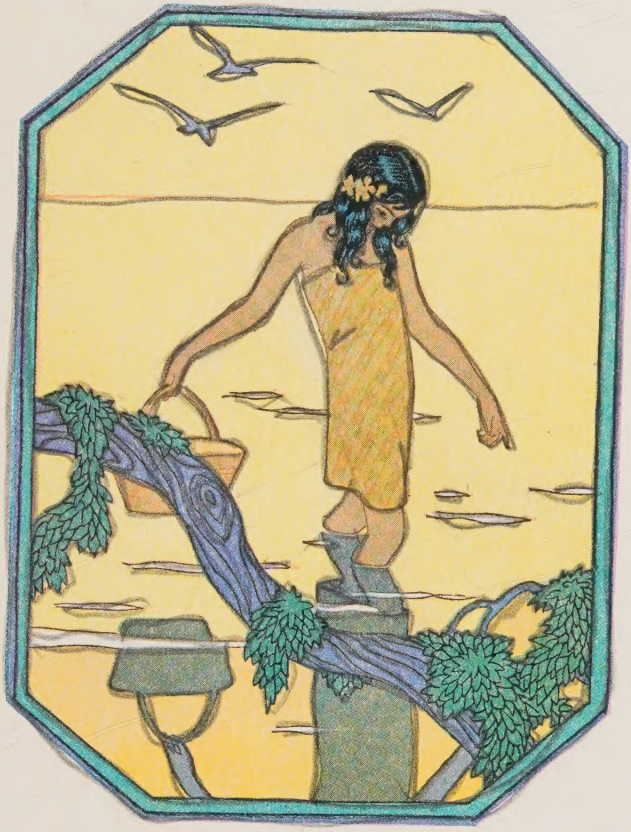

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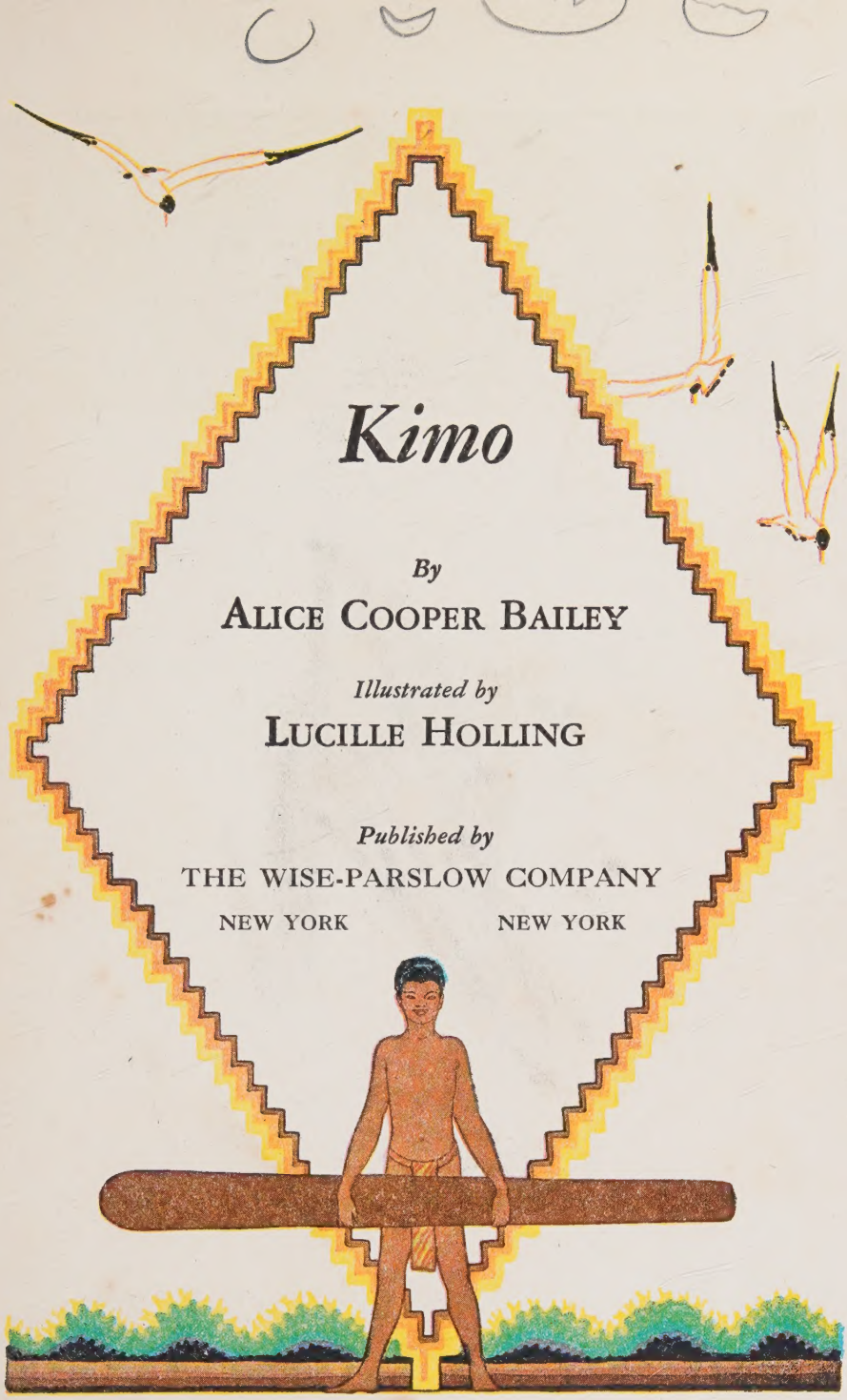


Kimo

By

ALICE COOPER BAILEY

Illustrated by

LUCILLE HOLLING

Published by

THE WISE-PARSLOW COMPANY

NEW YORK NEW YORK

To

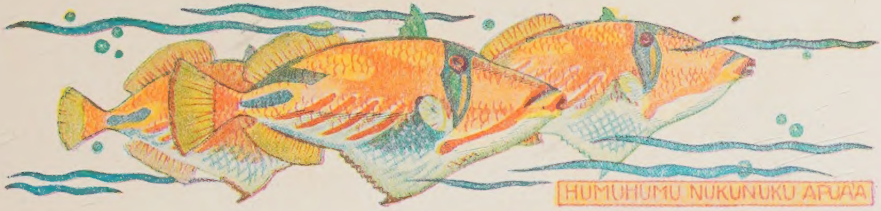
My five little nieces and six little nephews Barbara, James and Robert Pine, whose home is wherever Uncle Sam sends their daddy.

Virginia, Betty, Erling, and Stephen Hustvedt, who likewise are world travelers.

Alice, and Henry Cooper in Cuba.

Francis, and Mary Elizabeth Cooper in the Philippines.

This Book is Dedicated
With the love of the Author



foreword

How envious you will be of the little Hawaiian children when I tell you that they have only twelve letters to learn in their alphabet—a, e, i, o, u, and h, k, l, m, n, p, and w. And, though you may not think it, their words are very easy to pronounce. There are just one or two things that you must remember, and then you will never have the slightest trouble, not even if someone asks you to say quickly HUMUHUMUNUKUNUKUAPUAA, which by the way is only the name of a very small fish. You'll just roll it off like an old-timer.

Now then, these are the things to remember: First, that *every vowel* marks the *end* of a syllable, except on rare occasions when ai, or au, are used as diphthongs. If you count the number of syllables in that fierce-looking word, you will find that there are twelve of them. Second, that you must pronounce

a as in arm
e as in they
i as in machine
o as in note
u as in rule

and the diphthong ai, as in aisle, and au, as the ou in loud.

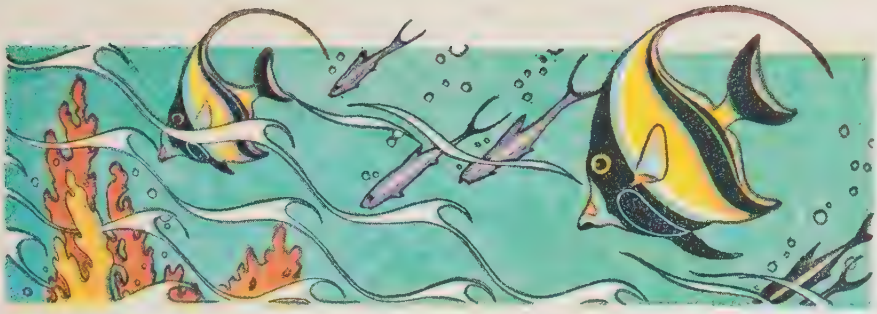
By this time, there probably isn't one of you who hasn't correctly figured out how to say KI MO and PU A LA NI.

You will need a little help with the name Kee*au*moku. In this case, the au is a diphthong.

There are a few words which are used as much by the Americans in the islands, as by the natives themselves. No one would think of saying *piazza*, or *wreath* of flowers. He would say lan*ai* (another diphthong) and lei.

There's one more very important word that I'm sure you all want to pronounce correctly, because we are hearing it very often these days. Hawaii has three syllables: ai as in aisle; i as in machine. Most people don't know what to do with that last i. Now you can tell them.

A LO HA NU I, which means my best love to you all.



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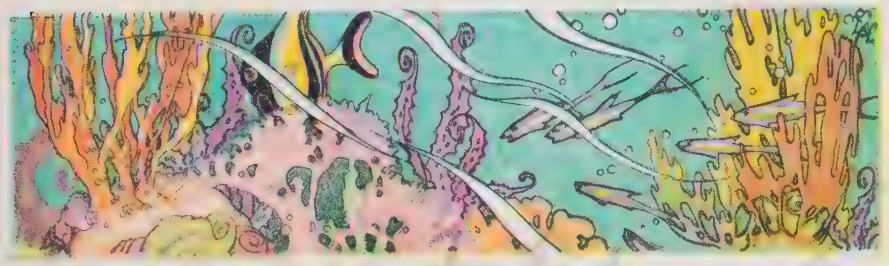
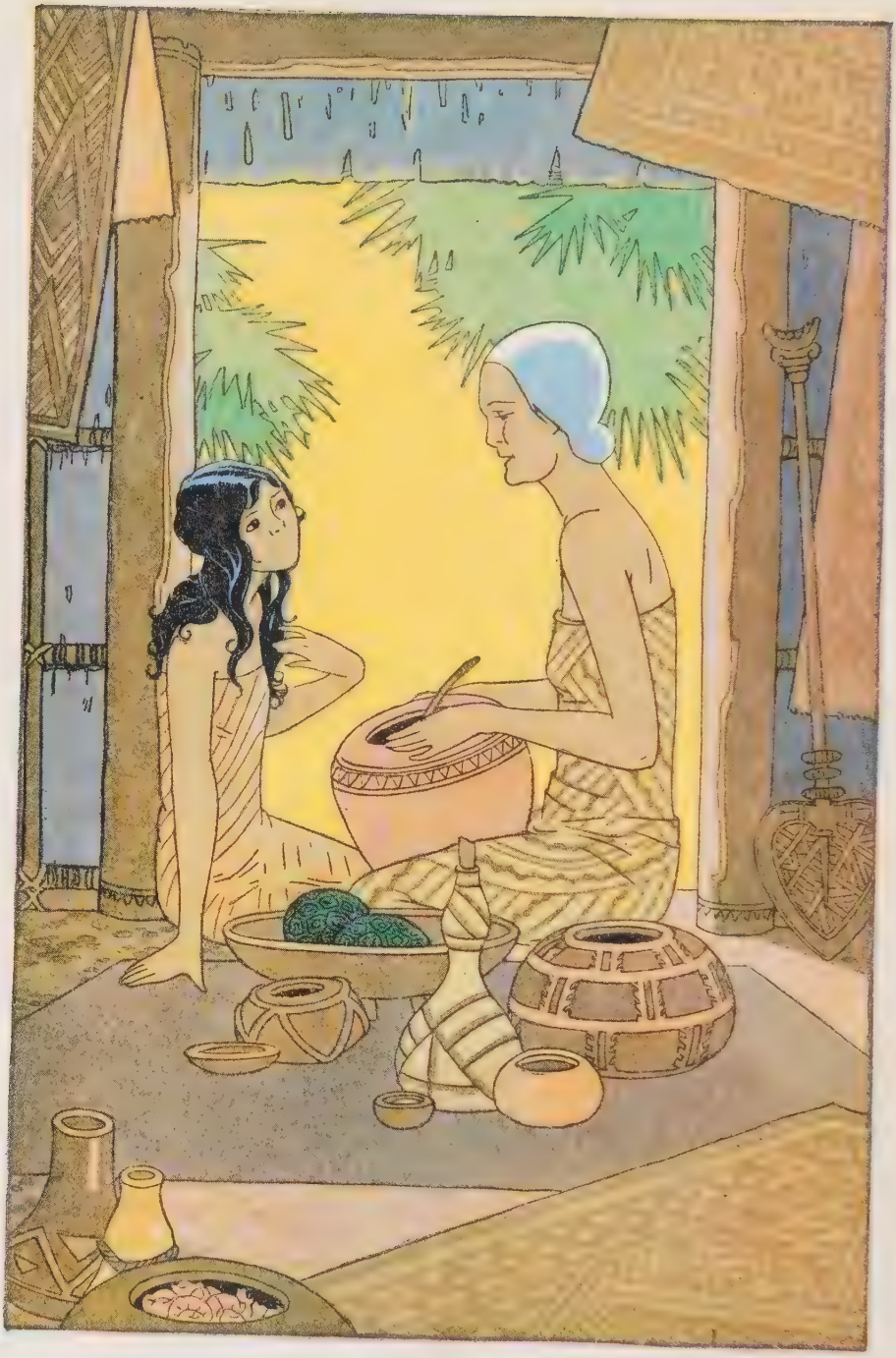




short-haired dog came bounding toward her. He leaped up and thrust his nose against the face of his mistress, his tail beating his sides in hearty welcome. Lani laughed and stooped to pat the dog's head with her free hand. Then, calling him to follow her, she darted off into a narrow trail, so narrow that the fronds of the giant tree ferns bordering it met overhead. For a time, this trail followed the natural windings of a rushing stream.

It was from this stream that the valley had take[illegible]
-Waiole, or Singing Waters. Back at
In [illegible] here a waterfall cascaded [illegible]

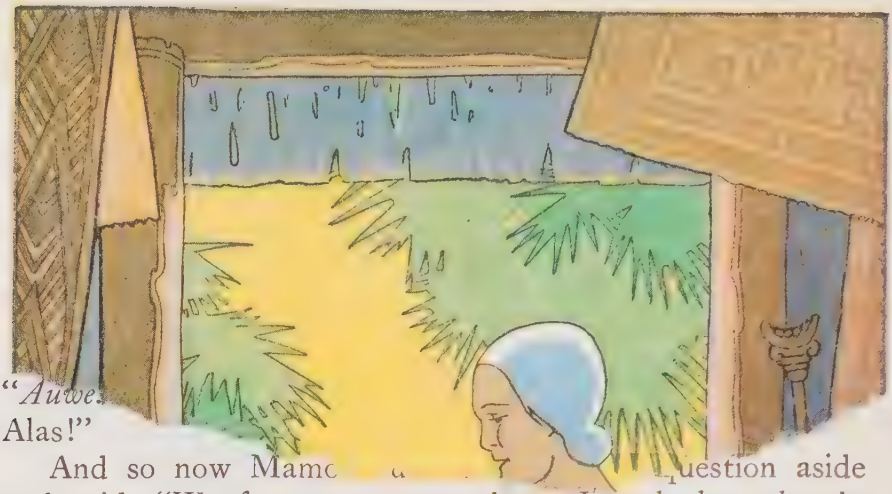
"TODAY is my [illegible] birthday," chanted little Pualani softly, as she knelt on the pebbled floor of her hut beside a great wooden bowl and scooped some of the poi in it into her own polished calabash. Her words didn't sound like that, however, for Pualani was a little Hawaiian girl and she spoke in her own native language.

"Ae—yes, Little Flower of Heaven," answered old white-haired Mamo, her nurse, stopping her work for a moment to look proudly up at her.

Pualani, or Lani as she was generally called, was a dark-haired child of twelve with lustrous brown eyes and skin the color of finest bronze. Her legs and arms were bare, and, though her body from her shoulders to her knees was tightly bound with a strip of stiff *tapa* cloth, she moved with elfin grace.

Mamo watched the play of her hands delightedly. "It is well," she said, "that your grandfather has promised that you shall wear the royal feather *lei* today."

Lani whirled quickly about, her whole face lighted with eager expectancy. "Do you think, Mamo," she cried out, "that grandfather will let me go with him into the *forbidden* hut when he gets the *lei*?"



"*Auwe!*" Alas!"

And so now Mamo [illegible] question aside and said, "We feast at noon today. Kapule has already gone to the fish ponds for mullet. Your grandfather is digging the oven in which to cook them. You must carry his breakfast to him."

Lani's black eyes sparkled. Forgotten was the mysterious hut. "Ae—it will be a great feast. Grandfather said that there is to be a nice fat roasted pig, too, and coconut pudding."

"Ae," smiled the old woman, as she tucked a bundle of dried shrimps into the top of Lani's calabash. "Now fly to your grandfather."

"I am going, Mamo."

With a little ripple of laughter, Lani, the calabash held securely under one arm, ran out of the hut. Before starting down the mountain trail, she stopped to pick a cluster of starry stephanotis and tuck it in her glorious hair. From where she stood, she could look out over her grandfather's neatly terraced rice fields and the horse corral. Below her stretched the valley of Waiole, now flooded with a rosy light, for the sun was rising over the jagged peaks of the great volcanic mountains back of it.

From somewhere came the sharp, staccato bark of a dog. Lani gave a low whistle. In response to it a chubby

short-haired dog came bounding toward her. He leaped up and thrust his nose against the face of his mistress, his tail beating his sides in hearty welcome. Lani laughed and stooped to pat the dog's head with her free hand. Then, calling him to follow her, she darted off into a narrow trail, so narrow that the fronds of the giant tree ferns bordering it met overhead. For a time, this trail followed the natural windings of a rushing stream.

It was from this stream that the valley had taken its name—Waiole, or Singing Waters. Back at the head of the valley, where a waterfall cascaded down the mountainside and spread itself into a whispering pool, it had its beginning. From there it went gurgling and softly chuckling down hill, running around and over moss-covered rocks that tried to stop its mirthful journey; curving, crossing and re-crossing the valley, until at White Beach it entered the sea. Today, perhaps because it was Lani's birthday, it sang an unusually merry song. Lani thought she could hear in it the joyous notes of a thousand birds—skylarks, finches, and the speckled elepaios. The very sound of it lent wings to her feet and sent her flying on her way.

But soon Lani came to a wide open space in the trees where she stopped to talk to a boy who was sitting on a flat rock in the broiling sun, devouring guavas. Like all the village boys, he wore only a *malo*, or loin cloth, tied about his waist.

"You are always eating, Paki," Lani reproved him, with a shake of her head. "Someday you will be as fat and round as a balloon fish."

Paki grinned. "They are good. See!" And he bit deep into another guava and displayed the tempting redness of the pulp to Lani, but he did not offer her one.

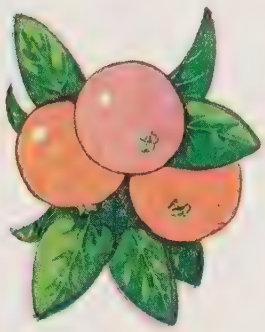
Lani laughed at his greediness. "Come with me, Paki," she suggested. "I am going to gather *pipipi* shells."

"Too hot," replied the boy.

Lani shrugged her shoulders. "You will not help me hunt for the shells, but you will help me eat them, eh?"

"Ae—yes," Paki admitted frankly, not in the least disturbed by her remark.

"Did you know, Paki, that there is to be a prize for the one who wins the coasting race this afternoon?"



Paki's chest expanded visibly. "Then I shall win the prize."

"You should win. You are the biggest of us all," came Lani's quick retort. Then with a toss of her dark head she darted off down the trail.

The day was hot, for a south wind was blowing. Overhead the sky gleamed like one immense blue turquoise. From out the forest came the fragrance of ginger flowers and wild roses and the heavy scent of sandalwood trees. Lani could not resist stopping now and then to pluck a wildflower, or to gather a handful of *ohelo* berries, that grew by the wayside, to quench her thirst. Once as she did so, she heard a noise that startled her. It seemed as if someone were coming through the forest toward her. There was the dull thud of horse's hoofs striking upon lava rock, the snapping of a branch, followed by the sound of voices—one low and musical and coaxing, the other decidedly gruff and hoarse. Wondering greatly, for both voices were unfamiliar to her, Lani waited to see who it might be.

"*Kulikuli!* Be quiet!" commanded the gruff voice.

"Be quiet, yourself!" laughed the gentle voice. "I hear the elepaio calling. Be quiet, while I answer!"

Breathlessly, Lani listened. To her ears came a joyous whistle. Someone was surely imitating the song of the

little speckled elepaio that was flitting nervously about on a branch above her own head.

"E-le-pa-i-o," repeated the bird, puzzled.

"E-le-pa-i-o," came the echoing cry

Lani turned quickly to watch the bird more closely. It cocked its head first to one side and then to the other, hesitated a moment, and next uttered a peculiar trill. Then, as if it were conscious of an interested audience, it broke into a song that would have done credit to a nightingale. Flitting to a lower branch, it cocked its head again, and waited to see what would happen.

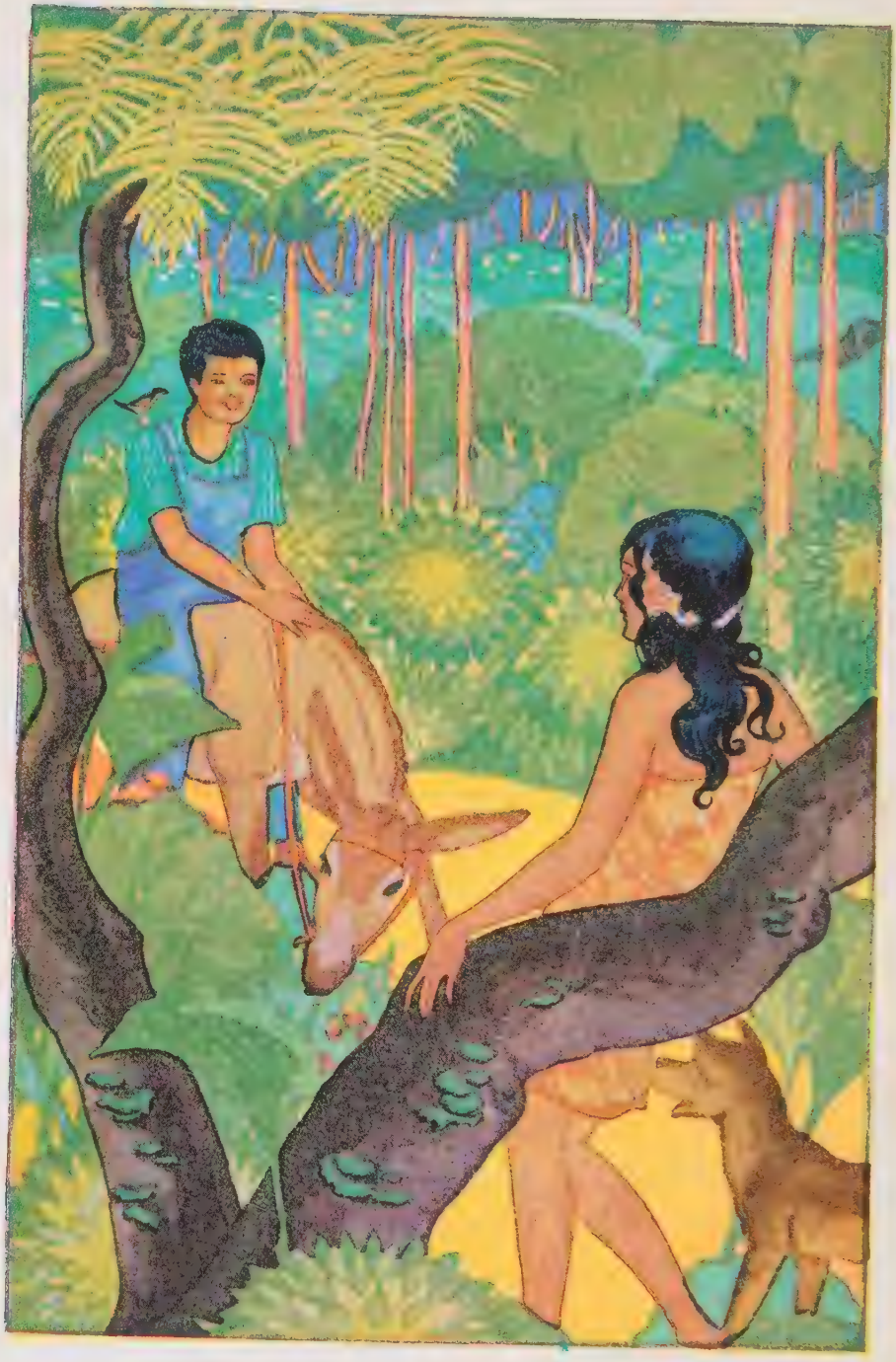
Lani's eyes were starry. What wonderful game was this? And who was it could whistle like the birds?

In another moment, just as if a passing breeze had wafted back the bird's own song, Lani heard the same peculiar trill, like water dropping into a deep pool, and the gay song faultlessly reproduced. The dog at her heels uttered a faint whine. With one whispered word, Lani silenced him, for she could see a boy coming through the forest toward her. He was riding a donkey, and, perched upon one of his shoulders was a thin brown bird with scrawny yellow legs. The bird was eyeing his master resentfully.

As yet the boy had not seen Lani. "Come, Pepo, you stupid bird," he was saying, spilling out laughter between his words, "why don't you stop your scolding and sing like that, too?"

"Kulikuli! Be quiet!" muttered the bird impertinently.

Lani's eyes widened with astonishment, and, fearing sorcery of some sort, she turned, and would have fled had not the boy, spying her for the first time, called out, "Don't run away. Pepo has no manners. I split his tongue so that I could teach him to talk. Now whenever I whistle, he scolds me." But, as he spoke, the boy picked up the



bird in his two lean hands and held him close beside his cheek, making a curious little kissing sound with his lips.

Though Lani halted in her flight, she made no response. She stood staring at the boy like a dumb creature. His skin was as dark as her own and he spoke her language, and yet he was not dressed like the village people. Strangers seldom came into the valley. Old Keeaumoku, her grandfather, did not welcome intruders.

The boy could not refrain from laughing at her bewilderment. "Why do you stare at me so hard?" he inquired curiously. And when Lani continued to stand silent before him, he went on, "Are you dressed up for a parade that you are wearing that funny dress?"

Quickly Lani glanced down at her dress. She could see nothing at which to laugh. Old Mamo had worked hard making it for her. The cloth she had made from the bark of the paper mulberry tree and she had printed a design upon it with charcoal dyes, and made it waterproof by saturating it with coconut oil, and perfumed it with the root of the *kupaoa*.

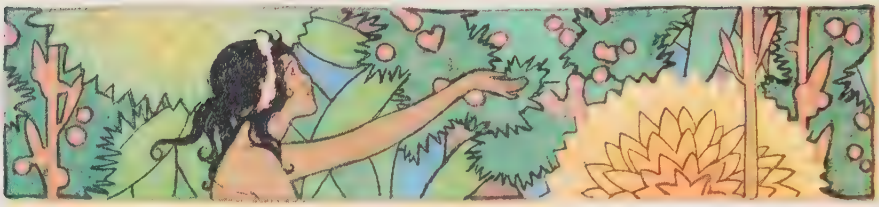
"I am sorry," the boy said, realizing that his remark had distressed the child. "You see, the only other tapa cloth dress I ever saw was in the museum."

A glimmer of intense interest lighted Lani's face. "You mean that no one wears tapa cloth dresses where you live?" she questioned, at length finding her tongue.

The boy shook his head. "They dress—" Whatever he intended to say was left unsaid, for Lani interrupted him with a cry of alarm.

"You have picked the lehua blossom," she cried out, pointing to the cluster of flowers he had just broken from a tree beside him.

"But what of that?"



"Now it will rain and today is my birthday, and there is to be a great feast."

The boy regarded her perplexedly. "You mean it will rain because I picked the lehua blossom?"

Lani nodded her head vigorously. "Ae—yes. Grandfather said so."

The boy threw back his head and burst into hearty laughter. "But see," he said, "I will pick another and another, and it will not rain." Then, before Lani could voice a protest, he filled his hands with the flowers.

Lani spread out the palm of her own hand and looked fearfully up at the sky. It did not darken as she expected it would. Not one drop of rain fell from out its blue depths.

"I must go quickly and tell grandfather," Lani said, breathlessly. "But, please, before I go, tell me who you are and from where you come."

"My name is Kimo. I come from Honolulu."

"From Honolulu?" The child repeated the word softly, an unaccustomed flush stealing into her cheeks. "The country beyond the mountains?"

"Ae, Honolulu is across the mountains and over the sea, on another island like this one."

With a wistful look, Lani gazed up at the range of purple blue mountains that shut her away from the rest of the world. "Oh," she said, her eyes glistening, "I would like to climb to the top of the mountain."

"You have never been up there?" Kimo asked.

Lani shook her head.

"Then some day I shall take you there, for I have come to live here in Waiole with my Aunt Hana."

A frightened look crossed Lani's face. "No, oh no," she half-whispered, with something like a sob in her voice. "Grandfather would not like it. He says there is only harm for me up there."

Before Lani could explain further, she heard her name being shouted from afar. With a gasp of fear, she said, "It is my grandfather calling me now." And like a startled deer, she was off down the trail, with the dog barking at her heels.

Old Keeaumoku, Lani's grandfather, was a tall muscular old man, with hair as white as the driven sands. His face was deeply lined with the wrinkles of old age, and his eyes, black and fearless and piercing as a hawk's, looked out from under shaggy brows. Though Lani loved him dearly, she was often afraid of him. There were days when he would sit out under the hot sun, gazing off at the restless sea. Then, though she laughed and sang and chatted, it was as if he did not see or hear her. Once her quick eyes had caught the trace of tears on his rugged cheeks. Child-like, she had asked the reason for them. Almost angrily then he had leaped to his feet, and, catching her roughly to him, said, "Remember, little one, it is your duty, never, never to let the old customs die out."

Now Lani found him down in the coconut grove near the sea. Already he had dug a great hole in the ground for an oven in which to cook the pig and fish. On his knees he was sorting over the stones that were to be heated and used as a lining for it.

"Here is your breakfast, grandfather," Lani said to him, as she set the wooden bowl before him.

"It is well that you have come, little one, for the day is hot and I am hungry." And, wasting no time, Keeaumoku

dipped his long bony fingers into the sticky *poi*. With a quick twist of the wrist, he wound some of it around one finger and thus carried it from the bowl to his mouth.

For a moment Lani watched him in silence. Then suddenly she burst forth, "Grandfather, I met a stranger as I was coming down the trail. He picked the lehua blossom, but, grandfather," and there was wonder in her voice, "it did not bring the rain as you said it would."

"What did you say?" Keeaumoku turned fiercely upon his grandchild.

"Don't be angry," Lani pleaded. "Oh, he can whistle so beautifully, like the song of the elepaio. He carries a bird on his shoulder that can talk, too. He—he says he is going to live with his Aunt Hana." Blindly, Lani was rushing on with her story, hoping in some way to drive away the old man's wrath.

"From where did this stranger come?" Keeaumoku demanded, and there was great bitterness in his voice.

"From Honolulu, grandfather."

To Lani's surprise, the old man's eyes darkened and his shoulders slouched forward. Vaguely she wondered if it was a tear that she saw racing down his gaunt cheek. For a moment there was no sound but the pounding of the surf upon the rocks in the bay and the dry, strange whisper of the wind in the coconut palms. Then suddenly Keeaumoku turned to Lani and said sharply. "You must never speak to this boy again. He is not one of us. Go now and gather your *pipipi* shells."

Tears welled up in Lani's eyes but, having long ago learned the wisdom of obeying her grandfather's commands, she brushed them away with the back of her hand, called her dog, and, picking up a braided coconut leaf basket that stood beside the oven, made her way slowly down to White Beach.

CHAPTER TWO

In Which Kimo Encounters the Fat Boy Paki

AS KIMO continued his way toward the head of the valley, he wondered why he had been sent to this far-away, almost forgotten spot. His father had come to him one morning, saying, "You sail on the *Mikahala* tomorrow for Hilo. When you reach that port, inquire your way to Waiole. My sister lives there. Take her this letter and do whatever she tells you, only remember—whatever happens—that—I love you." And there had been such infinite sadness in his father's voice that it had distressed Kimo, though he knew not why. Perhaps Aunt Hana could explain it all to him and would send him back to Honolulu in time for the opening of school. Summer vacation was nearly at an end now.

Prodding his donkey, Mahope, with his bare heels, Kimo urged him into a trot. He was a stalwart lad with a thick shock of curly black hair and dark eyes that seemed to have an ever-ready supply of laughter concealed within their depths. His clothes, though they had appeared odd to Lani, were ordinary enough; a blue and white checked shirt, open at the neck, and a pair of faded blue overalls

patched at the knees. But there was something about the boy that made one quickly forget the patches and the worn places in his clothes, and remember only that they were crisp and clean and almost smelled of soap and water and sunshine.

A short way along the trail, Kimo spied Paki, dozing in the sun, a half-eaten guava clutched in one fat hand. "Hi, there!" he shouted out to him. "Wake up and tell me the way to Hana Mahalona's house."

Paki got slowly to his feet, stretched himself leisurely and proceeded to enjoy a huge yawn.

"Wake up! Wake up!" shrieked the impatient Pepo.

Paki's jaw clicked back into place. With a wild shout of terror, he somersaulted backward over the rock on which he had been sitting and disappeared completely from view.

"Pepo," chided Kimo, trying to speak severely but finding it impossible to suppress his mirth, "see what you have done. You have frightened away the fat boy. Now we will have to find Aunt Hana's hut ourselves."

As soon as Kimo disappeared around a turn in the trail, Paki bounded out from his hiding place, and, with an amazing show of speed, fled down into the valley. The look on his face boded Kimo no good.

When at length Kimo did reach his Aunt Hana's hut, he found her sitting just without the door of it, working industriously. Bit by bit, she was scooping out the pulp of a large tree gourd with a sharp piece of coral. Later Kimo learned that Hana supplied all the villagers with their water bottles. From a branch above her head he could now see a number of them that she had already finished. Some were squat with bulging sides. Others were tall and thin and had stoppers made of sea shells.

For a moment Kimo watched her work. Then he called out, "Aloha!"

Startled at the sound of his voice, the little old woman looked up, squinting as she did so, for the glare of the sun hurt her eyes.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Be quiet! Be quiet!" Pepo mumbled rudely.

"I am sorry, Aunt Hana," Kimo spoke up quickly. "That was my bird Pepo. Some day he will bring trouble on my head with his bad manners."

"But — but who are you?" Hana repeated again.

Kimo broke into merry laughter. "I am your nephew, Kimo, the son of your brother Hakau."

Instead of being delighted with this news, Aunt Hana greeted it with a sigh.

"You do not seem glad to see me," Kimo remarked frankly, drawing forth from his pocket the letter his father had given him.

Hana's face instantly softened. "Ae, Kimo, Hana is glad to see you, but—you do not understand. I am afraid for you. No stranger is welcome in Waiole." Then, opening the letter that the boy had thrust into her thin hand, she read it through in silence. A sharp terrified cry came from her lips as she finished it. "Do you know what is in this letter?" she demanded in a dry whisper. Kimo shook his head. "Then you must go away at once," she begged, crushing the letter in her hands.

"But why must I go?" Kimo asked, bewildered at this unexpected turn of affairs.

"Sh!" Hana warned, thinking that she heard someone coming up the trail. But it was only the donkey, Mahope,

seeking a fresh grazing spot, so she went on, "Keeaumoku will be very angry if you stay here."

"Keeaumoku? You mean the old grandfather of the little girl whose birthday it is today?"

Aunt Hana turned a frightened face toward Kimo. "You know Pualani?" she questioned.

It took little urging on the part of Hana to persuade Kimo to tell the story of his meeting with Lani.

"Auwe! Auwe!" moaned Hana. "Did you tell her of your home in Honolulu?"

"No, for her grandfather called her, and she went flying off."

Hana breathed a heavy sigh of relief. "Come, Kimo," she said, in a little more kindly voice than she had first greeted him, "you must be hungry. There is poi and fish within the hut."

With difficulty, she rose to her feet and led the way into her hut. What a poor little place it was, tattered and torn by years of wind and sudden rain-storms! The floor was of dirt with a small walled-up hole in the center. On damp days when the *kona* storms raged, Hana used this as a fireplace. The smoke found its way out through the doorway, or the window openings. In one corner of the room was a raised platform and on it a pile of woven mats. This was Hana's bed. Her pillows were of matting, too, sewed up and stuffed with leaves. The only other things in the room were a quantity of food bowls, a *poi* board, an old fish net, a hollowed stone, filled with coconut oil and having a wick of tapa—for this was Hana's lamp—and the branch of a tree which served as a clothes-rack.

Hana now filled one of the bowls with poi. It was stale and had soured slightly, but Kimo gulped it down gratefully, scooping it into his mouth with his forefinger.

"If you will let me stay awhile with you, Aunt Hana,"

he said, "I will take your fish net and go down to the beach and catch you some fresh fish. Then this afternoon, we, too, can feast."

But, though Kimo's smile had completely melted her heart, Hana was none too sure that it was wise to keep the boy with her. So now she was about to refuse his request, when suddenly Kimo began to whistle, echoing the faint far-off cry of a mountain bird. Hana stood still, listening intently. Up and down the scale, Kimo trilled, breaking off to chirrup softly, or to gurgle deep down in his throat a low golden note. When he ended, old Hana looked up at him with misty eyes. For the first time in months she smiled. "You shall stay with old Hana," she said gently.

Kimo smiled back at her. "Thank you."

And so a little later, dressed, like the other village boys, in a *malo*, Kimo struck off down the trail toward the sea. The net was slung over one broad shoulder. Pepo was perched on the other.

CHAPTER THREE

The Birthday Feast

AT THE head of Waiole bay, where the mountain stream sang its way cheerfully into the turbulent sea, there stretched a narrow crescent-shaped beach of the finest pink and white coral sand. In spots, where the wind had blown it rudely about, the sand had piled itself up into miniature hills. Over these hills trailed sea morning glories, laden with dusky pink and blue flowers, and hairy *nohu* vines, fragrant with tiny yellow blossoms. To the left of this bit of sandy beach ran a raised platform of black lava rock, all twisted and curled, like waves suddenly turned to stone. It was here along this ledge that Lani came in search of her shells. She found them growing there in such abundance that in less than an hour's time she had filled her basket to the brim with them.

Without stopping to rest she started back toward the coconut grove. She could see a little curl of smoke rising heavenward and smell the fragrance of an *ohia* wood fire. Fearing she had delayed too long, she quickened her footsteps. But when she was within a stone's throw of the oven, she was halted by the sound of angry voices. Breathlessly, she slipped back of a tree and strained her ears to hear what was being said. She recognized her grandfather's voice, but the other—the shrill, excitable voice that was pouring forth such a torrent of words—could it be Paki's?

Lani crept nearer that she might view the speakers. There were four of them gathered around the oven; white-haired Mamo, a fat mullet in one hand, a bit of sharp coral with which she had been scaling it in the other; Kapule, the young villager, on his knees, stuffing the breast of the pig with red hot stones; her grandfather, standing tall and straight before them; and yes, the other one was Paki.

From her hiding place, Lani could now hear the boy's words distinctly. He was telling of his encounter with the same stranger whom she had met, but from the manner in which he told his tale, one would have pictured Kimo as a terrifying bully.

Unable to listen in silence to the charges Paki was making against Kimo, Lani rushed from her hiding place and sought out Keeaumoku.

"No, no, grandfather, it cannot be so," she cried out. "The boy was only—"

"Silence!" commanded Keeaumoku. Then after a brief pause, he continued, as if nothing unusual had happened. "Hurry, Lani! Put the *pipipi* shells in the oven!"

With a little choked sob Lani turned her basket upside down and let the shells stream into the oven. Then, Kapule lowered the pig into it, and Mamo filled every remaining crevice with bundles of fish, sweet potatoes, red bananas and whole breadfruit. How the hands flew! From a bottle Keeaumoku poured enough water upon the stones to make them steam, and Kapule covered the pig with layers of banana leaves and earth, leaving only a tiny hole by which the steam could escape.

Clapping her hands excitedly, Lani cried out, "Oh, grandfather, it will be a fine feast."

But her joy was short lived, for there was Paki standing near the oven and looking down into it with a greedy smile on his face.

"Pig! Pig, yourself," Lani breathed in his ear, and then darted off up the trail.

Returning home, she went at once to bathe herself in the cool waters of the mountain stream. Then, running into the hut, she spread a beautiful strip of royal tapa cloth on the pebbled floor. She lay down upon this, and, with a roll and a twist, wrapped her lithe young body securely in it. With a piece of fiber she fastened the two ends of it together. In the meanwhile Mamo had returned and now stood waiting, with the royal feather *lei* in her hand. Placing the wreath on her curly head, Lani knelt before her mirror, which was a calabash filled to the brim with crystal clear water and in the bottom of which lay a piece of shiny black lava rock. Gravely the child inspected the reflection that gazed up at her. Then, turning a wistful face toward Mamo she asked, "Am I like my mother?"

Mamo nodded. "Ae," she said softly, a far-away dreamy look in her eyes, as she studied the bewitching young face before her that gave promise some day of great beauty.

It was on Lani's tongue to ask Mamo other questions about the mother she so dimly remembered, but at that moment old Keeaumoku appeared in the doorway. His white head was crowned with a warrior's helmet. From his shoulders hung a gorgeous cloak of red and yellow bird feathers.

Lani bounded to his side. "You are King of the feast," she laughed up at him, fingering his cape very gently as she spoke. She knew that it was very rare and precious, having taken nine generations of workers to make it. At

one time, too, it had adorned the shoulders of the famous King Kamehameha.

Keeaumoku bent and touched her fresh young cheek with his lips. "I have brought you this gift," he said with sudden tenderness. "It once belonged to your great, great grandmother, Queen Puahi."

Eagerly Lani took into her own hand the bit of exquisitely carved ivory that Keeaumoku held out to her. It was fastened to a chain of braided black hair.

"Take good care of it, Pualani," admonished the old man.

"Yes, grandfather."

"And remember, today at the end of the feast you will recite the story of the demi-god, Maui."

"Yes, grandfather."

Ever since Lani could remember it had been her grandfather's custom at the hour of sunset to take her on his knee and teach her the folk tales of her country. With an ease that had astonished him, she soon learned to repeat verse after verse of the old *meles*, or song stories that had been handed down to them by word of mouth through the long years.

The long, low rumble of a drum drifted up through the valley.

With one hand uplifted for silence, Keeaumoku listened to it. "It is time to assemble for the feast," he announced, as the last echo of it faded away.

"Yes, grandfather. Let us hurry, for I can see Maile and Ua starting down the trail now." Lani could hardly refrain from dashing off after her two playmates, but instead she remained to walk very sedately between Keeaumoku and old Mamo.

As they approached the coconut grove, they were greeted by cheerful "Alohas!" from every side. Lani found

herself being showered with gifts; strings of iridescent shells, carved kukui nuts, fans woven from glossy bamboo. As graciously as any princess might have done, she received these offerings. Then she led the way to the fern-covered spot beneath the sighing palm trees where Kapule had placed the roasted pig and the bundles of steaming food.

As usual it was Paki who stuffed himself with everything that came within reach of his hands; deep sea mullet, dried seaweed seasoned with kukui salt, stewed eel, a baked yam, half of a breadfruit.

Lani shook a warning finger at him. "You will not be able to drag your *holua* up the mountainside if you eat like that," she said.

But Paki only shrugged his fat shoulders and dipped his fingers still deeper into a bowl of coconut pudding.

"E-le-pa-i-o," came a call from somewhere, so softly that at first Lani was not sure that she had actually heard it. Her eyes sought the trees. There was not a bird in sight. Then, suddenly, she found herself gazing straight into a pair of coal black eyes. For a moment she thought her heart would stop beating; then she feared that it would pound so loudly that her grandfather would hear it. There, not more than thirty feet away from her, screened from the view of the other guests by a clump of *ti* plants stood Kimo.

He smiled at her when she looked at him, but Lani did not return his smile. Instead, she turned her attention to little Aina who sat beside her. Lani was very sure that should she in any way reveal the boy's presence in the grove, her grandfather would order him off. With the hope that she would be able to get it to him later, however, Lani set aside a portion of her food. She had seen an envious look in his eyes and had guessed that he had not fared sumptuously during the past few days. So intent was she on

planning how she could escape her grandfather's vigilant eye that at first she did not hear him when he addressed her. Twice he called her name before she leaped to her feet in confusion and asked what he wished.

"Show them your necklace," he replied, eyeing her curiously.

With fingers that trembled, she unfastened the chain from her neck and gave it to Aina that she might pass it to the next guest. From one to another the necklace travelled, each one exclaiming over it in turn. Then suddenly, above the sound of their voices, Lani again heard the bird call. A frightened look clouded her eyes. She did not want her grandfather to send Kimo away, for she wanted to ask him many, many questions about his home in Honolulu. Vainly she tried to warn him by the merest shake of her head that he must not whistle. Suddenly her eyes lighted. Impulsively she leaped to her feet and broke into a high wailing chant. It was the story of Maui, the quick one, that she chanted.

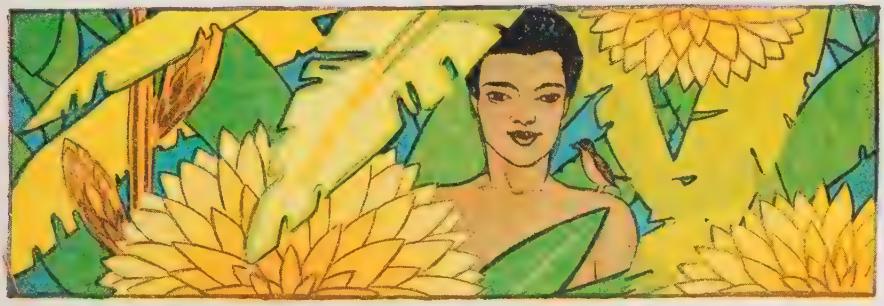
Keeaumoku's eyes were knitted in a puzzled frown as he leaned forward to listen. He had not given her the signal to begin. He did not like her forwardness.

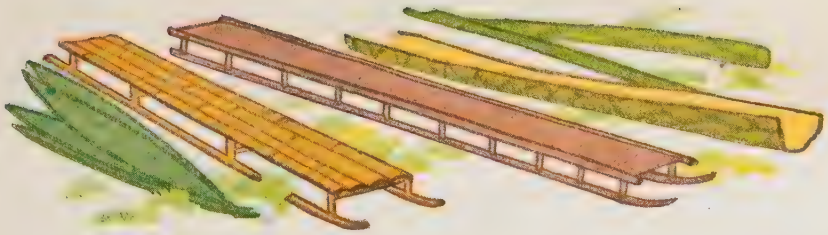
Verse after verse, Lani chanted, swaying her body slightly to the rhythm, picturing the story with graceful gestures of her hands. Her audience hung upon her every word, forgetful of all else, as she intended they should. She told them of Maui, whose father was a god, whose mother Hina you can see in the moon. She told how he had pulled up out of the mysterious depths of the sea, on his magic fishhook, a string of lovely islands, and, finding them beautiful, had anchored them there on the surface of the sea. Then of Maui, himself, Lani told them. So tall was he that when he bathed, his feet touched the bottom of the sea and his hair dripped with the water from the clouds.

Great strength was his, for he lifted the sky from off the land, and, when the sun refused to travel slowly, he journeyed to the top of Haleakala, House-built-by-the-sun, lassoed the sun with a coconut cord and broke off, one by one, its long legs with a stone axe.

In the midst of Lani's song came a loud, agonizing wail from Paki. The pig, the fish, the crabs and the shrimp were at war in his stomach. With a howl of distress, Paki flung himself flat on the ground. Forgotten were the deeds of the great Maui as a fond mother and father rushed to their son's side. For a moment Lani stood looking down on the writhing Paki with scorn in her lovely eyes. Then radiant with a sudden hope, she gathered up in her arms the remains of her feast and slipped quietly away toward Kimo's hiding place. She found him still there. Hastily she thrust her offering into his arms. "You must not whistle," she begged. "Grandfather is very angry." Before the boy could utter a word of thanks, she was off again, moving as noiselessly across the sandy ground as the wind.

When Lani returned, though she had been gone so short a time, she found Paki dozing and the rest of the guests gone to another part of the grove to play *puhenehene*. Fortunately her grandfather had not missed her and she managed to take her place among the players without his detecting her tardiness.





CHAPTER FOUR

The Missing Necklace

AT LAST the hour for the race had arrived. Such an array of sleds; a sisal stem, the trunk of a banana tree, the sheath of a royal palm, a bundle of *ti* leaves. Among them all were only two or three that were made of wood and had long pointed runners.

Paki, who had been aroused from his sleep by the merry shouts of the children as they trudged up the mountainside, hurried to join them. He had by this time sufficiently recovered from his illness to covet the prize. Someone had told him that it was to be a huge bowl of roasted pig.

Halfway up the steep mountainside, the children halted and arranged their sleds. "Get back, Ua! All right, Aina, we'll give you a head start. Take your sled down by the *kukui* tree. Here comes Paki. Now, ready, one, two—" one of the boys, delegated by Keeaumoku, was calling off the orders. Everyone was in position at last, waiting breathlessly for the swift downward flight.

Suddenly, from over the brow of a neighboring hill, came Kimo. He stopped a little distance from the children and, frankly smiling, watched them with absorbing interest. Paki was the first to see him. He returned the boy's smiling glance with one of mingled hatred and fear. Lani, too, saw Kimo, but the command to go had been given. Amid shrieks of laughter and shouts of joy, the sleds were gotten under way. Maile had the lead, but Lani quickly overtook

her. Paki, puffing with the exertion of the long climb, made a slow get-away.

A strange feeling of loneliness swept over Kimo. Why was he not wanted? Why should Keeaumoku be so angry with him? At home, wherever he went, he was greeted with friendly shouts and cheers. With a sudden dogged determination, Kimo seized a handful of *ti* leaves, and, leaping upon them, set off down the mountainside. He was standing upright, and to keep his balance, he leaned forward a little, straining every nerve in his body. The slide had been sprinkled with *kukui* oil to make it very slippery. He found himself flying with the speed of the wind. He overtook little Ua first. Her banana trunk had proved unmanageable. In quick succession, he left first one and then another child behind him. Only Lani and Paki remained ahead.

To gain every possible inch, Kimo steered his leaves along the smoothest part of the trail. Soon he was only a few feet behind Lani. From the sheer joy of the chase, he laughed aloud, as he cut off the distance between them. He would have liked to slacken his speed that they two might end the race side by side. But there was the fat boy, speeding so confidently to victory. There was the barest chance of his overtaking him, and he would fight for that chance.

For the first time since his entrance into the valley, Fate was good to Kimo. Paki's sled struck a rough piece of ground and shot up into the air and was thrown far off the course. Angrily, Paki turned it around and shoved it back into place. Then he saw Kimo bearing down upon him. In another moment Kimo would have passed him. With a malicious grin Paki sent his sled directly across Kimo's path. It caught him just above his ankles. Standing as he was, Kimo was unable to keep his balance and was hurtled headlong into a dense mass of ferns. Paki, clambering back upon his sled, continued his way to victory.

Lani finished a close second to Paki—a Lani with eyes that were like smouldering coals. "Grandfather," she cried out, running to Keeaumoku, who had already put into Paki's hands the bowl of pig. "He didn't play fair. He purposely ran his sled into Kimo and upset him, for he was afraid of being beaten."

"Kimo?" Keeaumoku repeated, arching his eyebrows quizzically.

A deep flush stole over Lani's cheeks, but she faced her grandfather squarely and repeated, "Ae, Kimo, the stranger."

"This stranger raced with you?"

Lani nodded her head.

Then Keeaumoku said sternly, "He had no right to enter the race. Paki is the winner."

A sharp hurt was in the eyes of the girl. She whirled herself about in a mad fury so that she was facing Paki. Before anyone realized what she was about to do, she knocked the bowl of roasted pig from his hand.

"Pualani, come here." stormed Keeaumoku. And when he had drawn her out of the circle of spectators, he added, "Give me at once the necklace that I gave you this morning. You shall not disgrace it."

Tears of shame blurred Lani's eyes. She put her hand up to her throat. The necklace was not there. Then she remembered. She had forgotten to replace it after the guests had inspected it.

"I will get it," she said, in a voice so low that Keeaumoku scarcely caught the words.

"You will not find it there," Paki volunteered, pointing his thumb toward the spot where they had feasted.

"Why not?" demanded Lani, her eyes ablaze again at the insolence of his tone.

"Because the stranger stole it. While I was sleeping he came and got some food, too. I saw him returning an empty poi bowl."

"You must not listen to his words, grandfather, for I, myself—"

"Silence, Pualani! Go at once to your hut with Mamo, and do not leave it without my permission."

Dear kind old Mamo came quickly to Lani and, putting her arm gently about her slender waist, guided her out of the coconut grove and up the hill to the little grass hut that she called home. Keeaumoku's commands were laws.

Once within the hut, Lani, dropping her head upon Mamo's broad shoulder, sobbed out her story. "I gave him the food, myself, Mamo," she wailed. "He did not steal it."

"And the necklace?" Mamo questioned gently.

"Surely grandfather will find it."

"You did only what your mother would have done," sighed Mamo. "She, too, was very impulsive."

Going to the window, Lani gazed forlornly down into the valley. For the first time in her life, she was beginning to sense the fact that some strange mystery hung over her life here in Waiole. She was rarely ever allowed out of Mamo's sight. She was never allowed to wander up the trail that led to the pass over the mountains.

"Mamo," Lani asked suddenly, "did my mother ever live in Honolulu?"

With a start, Mamo looked up at Lani. "Yes," she said, after a moment's hesitation.

"Tell me about it," pleaded the child.

"You must not ask me now," replied the old woman solemnly.

CHAPTER FIVE

Kimo Refuses To Obey Orders

HANA was dozing under a big *hau* tree, awaiting Kimo's return from his fishing trip. She had laid a heap of sticks all ready for a fire in a hollow in the ground. Beside her stood a basket overflowing with red *ohelo* berries.

Pepo, reaching home long before his master, whirred noisily into the tree over her head, but she did not stir until the boy, himself, coming up the trail some time later, shouted to her.

"I have three fine mullet for you, Hana," he called, with an attempt at cheerfulness. He hoped that Hana would not notice the long red scratch on his arm.

Hana opened her weary eyes. "Good! Good!" she exclaimed. "Now we will make the fire."

Before coming in sight of Hana's hut, Kimo had hidden away some of the food Lani had so generously given him. He had eaten the poi, but there still remained a bountiful helping of pig and sweet potato pudding. What a fine surprise he would have for Hana when he brought it forth later, after the fish was cooked!

"Give me the matches, Hana. I will start the fire for you," Kimo offered.

"Matches?" Hana smiled. "These are old Hana's matches." And she produced two long sticks, one of soft wood, the other hard. Deftly she began rubbing the soft one with the point of the other, wearing a groove in the length of it. Intensely interested, Kimo watched her closely. Faster, faster flew her hands. Then suddenly Kimo saw a tiny spark, then another and another, until a little red flame sputtered along the stick.

"Quick," Hana called. "Give me a bunch of dried leaves."

Kimo hastened to obey. He held up a handful of leaves. Instantly it caught fire. He touched it to a pile of twigs and branches that Hana had laid in the hollow. They burst into flames.

With the aid of a sharp piece of coral Hana scaled the mullet, and soon had them sizzling over the fire.

During these operations, Pepo had kept up such a noisy chatter that Kimo was forced at last to stuff his fingers in his ears and shout, "Be quiet, yourself, Pepo!"

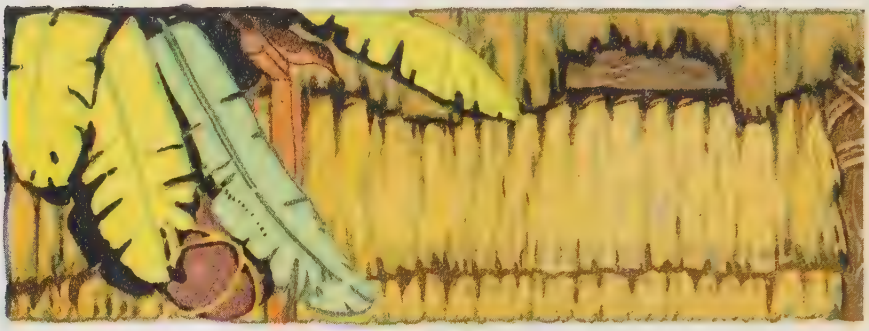
It was then that Hana spied the long red scratch on his arm. "How did it happen?" she asked.

Quickly Kimo told her all that had happened since he had left the hut.

"There is much trouble coming to us both if you do not return home," Hana said forlornly.

"But I have done no harm," protested Kimo.

A smothered cry from Hana caused Kimo to look up. He found himself facing Lani's grandfather. The old man was still wearing his helmet and cape. For a fleeting instant, Kimo felt that the great bronze statue of King Kamehameha had come to life. With keen admiration, he noted the old man's powerful physique, his splendid muscles and his



broad shoulders. At a discreet distance back of Keeaumoku stood Kapule.

Kimo leaped to his feet. Hana painfully arose.

Without the customary "Aloha," Keeaumoku, pointing his finger at Kimo, demanded, "Who is this boy?"

The corners of Hana's mouth twitched nervously as she voiced the answer, "Kimo, the son of—of—my brother—Hakau."

"Old Hakau's son, eh?" Keeaumoku spoke the name contemptuously.

"Shame to him that he has raised such a son," he went on, "for he has this day stolen the necklace that was once the property of Queen Puahi."

"Stolen?" Hana echoed faintly, and she shook like a leaf in a storm.

"No, Hana, I have stolen nothing," declared Kimo, seeing her terror. "Do not be afraid."

Ignoring the boy's vigorous denial, Keeaumoku turned to Kapule. "Go! Search the hut."

"Ae, go," Kimo urged.

Kapule did as he was told, but returned to Keeaumoku empty-handed.

But Keeaumoku was not satisfied. With a gathering frown, he again addressed Kapule. "Search the water bottles hanging there by the door."

Kapule whisked down the gourds and, turning them upside down, he shook them, one after the other.

No one spoke. Even Pepo held his peace and watched the proceedings. Then Hana burst into violent weeping.

Swiftly Kimo moved to her side, and put his arm around her shaking shoulders. "I tell you I did not steal it," he protested.

But no words of his could comfort Hana now, for there in the palm of Kapule's hand lay a carved ivory locket suspended from a chain of braided hair.

"If you did not steal it, how came it here?" Keeaumoku asked stonily. "A short time ago it lay upon the feast table. Has anyone else been here?"

With a gasp of despair, Hana shook her head.

Very deliberately Keeaumoku moved several paces nearer Kimo. "Take your donkey," he cried, "and leave this valley at once. You are not wanted here."

Proudly the lad drew himself up to his full height. "Kimo has stolen nothing," he replied evenly. "Kimo will not leave Waiole."

For a moment it seemed as if Keeaumoku would strike the boy; but his eyes caught sight of something that brought a sneering smile to his thin lips. He pointed to the food that Kimo had concealed under a neighboring bush. "How came this food here?" he demanded.

Words of explanation sprang readily to Kimo's lips; but, fearful that Lani, too, would be punished if he should name her as the donor of the food, he choked back his words and hung his head.

"Go, go," pleaded Hana, seeing that the boy made no attempt to deny this last charge.

"Be quiet! Be quiet!" shrieked Pepo, alighting on Kimo's head, with a fluttering of wings.

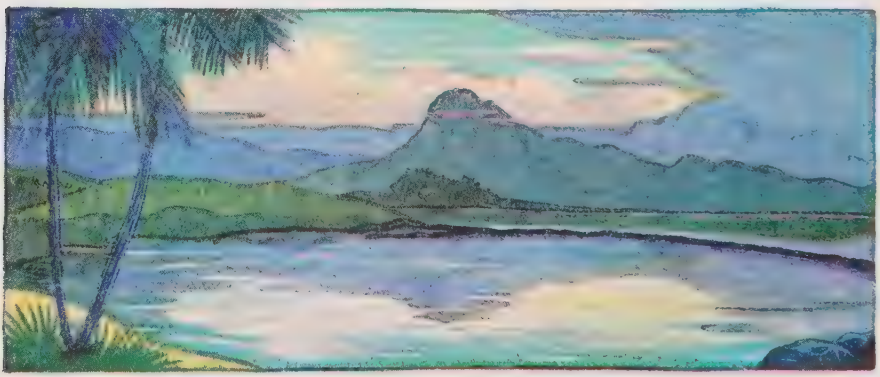
A smile lighted Kimo's features. "You are my friend anyway, eh, Pepo," he crooned, stroking the feathered back of his pet.

With one long bitter look at Kimo, Keeaumoku turned on his heel and stalked off down the valley. There were other ways of punishing the boy.

"No more now will Keeaumoku send me taro from his patches," moaned Hana. "No more now will he send me fish. Old Hana will starve."

Almost angrily, Kimo made answer. "I will fish for you, Aunt Hana. I will catch bigger fish for you than those in Keeaumoku's pond. I will plant taro, too, here by the stream and make fresh poi for you."

Kimo yearned to rush over to Hana and take her in his strong arms and comfort her. Yet he did not dare tell even her of Lani's kindness to him.



CHAPTER SIX

Unhappy Days

IN SPITE of all the heartaches in Waiole that day, the stream kept on singing and chuckling and laughing to itself, just as if it were enjoying a huge joke all by itself. Perhaps it thought that people took life far, far too seriously. Who knows?

Lani, crouched beside the window of her hut, looked down into the valley now flooded with soft golden light and purple shadows, and wondered how the sun could go right on shining when her heart was so heavy. She wished that her grandfather would hurry home and yet she dreaded his coming, for she felt sure that if he had not found the necklace, he would go to Hana's hut to hunt for it.

Mamo was sitting not far from Lani. Had the child not been so concerned with her own affairs, she would have noticed a strange light in the old nurse's eyes and an unaccustomed flush on her withered cheeks. But neither one spoke until footsteps sounded without the door.

"He is coming," Lani half whispered.

In the doorway appeared Keeaumoku. Triumphantly he held out to Lani the ivory necklace.

"Where did you find it?" Lani asked, trying to be brave.

"Kapule found it," Keeaumoku replied exultantly. "He

found it hidden away in one of the water bottles hanging outside of Hana's hut. The boy you call Kimo was there."

A little hurt cry broke from the girl's lips. Even yet she was not willing to believe that Kimo would do evil. That morning when she had met him, he had been so happy and gay and full of laughter.

"He stole not only the necklace," Keeaumoku continued, regardless of her suffering, "but some food also."

"You must listen to me this time, grandfather," Lani cried out, and her eyes were shining like stars. "It was I that gave him the food. When Paki was ill and no one was watching, I stole away and carried it to him."

"You?" Keeaumoku exclaimed. Then, turning to Mamo, he spoke harshly, "Are your eyes blind that you do not see what goes on?"

Mamo sighed wearily, but she made no comment.

"See that Lani never again meets with this dirty dog." And Keeaumoku, having delivered this order, left the room.

Lani watched him go. She did not cry out, but Mamo could read the anguish that was in her heart. Tenderly she gathered the child close in her arms. "Pualani," she questioned softly, "would you like to go with me across the mountains?"

Lani could scarcely believe her ears. Through the window she could see the mountain peaks towering to the sky. A flock of tired cloud sheep drifted slowly over them. "Yes, Mamo," she replied and it seemed as if it were not her own voice that was speaking.

Lani would have liked to ask innumerable questions, but Mamo whispered, "Hush, child! Eat your supper and fly to bed."

So carefully was Lani guarded during the days that followed her birthday feast that she neither saw Kimo, nor heard a word about him. At the least sound of a bird call,

however, she would fly to the window and look wistfully out along the trail, hoping each time to catch a glimpse of him. Had she known it, Kimo had not whistled a note since her birthday. Had it not been for Mamo's wonderful promise to take her across the mountains, Lani could never have endured these tedious days. As it was she was nearly bursting with the excitement of it. Still she dared not breathe a word to anyone, lest her grandfather discover their plans.

It fell to Kimo's lot during these same days to supply his aunt with food. Keeaumoku had not only forbidden the villagers to speak to the boy but also ordered that they must not carry food to Hana's home as long as he was there. Doggedly, he set to work weeding a long neglected garden that in the years gone by Hana's husband had planted. He planted and replanted and fetched water from the stream and broke up the earth with a digging stick—a very primitive hoe. And at last he had his reward, for things grew quickly in the rich soil of Waiole, and he carried big luscious yams and sweet *pohas* and yellow bananas to Hana.

Hana's heart was melted by the boy's devoted care of her and she forgave him for the apparent shame he had brought down upon her. After a bit, the old woman found herself beginning to look forward to the long evenings when Kimo would come and sit with her under the stars and tell her of the brother she had not seen in many a moon: of their duck farm, and of his own happy days at school.

One evening, Kimo returned to Hana whistling.

"You are happy tonight, Kimo, and why?" Hana asked, as he flung himself down in the lush grass at her feet, his dark eyes shining, his white teeth showing in a broad grin.

For answer, Kimo held up before his aunt's eyes a single red bud from a banana tree. It was shaped like a boat. within this boat-like bud, nestled a fragrant red lehua flower.

"But why does that make you happy?"

Kimo burst into deep-throated laughter. "Because Lani sailed it across the stream to me as I came home tonight."

"Lani?"

"Ae, Lani." Again happy laughter came from the boy's lips and was followed by a medley of whistled notes; happy chirps and trills and calls until old Hana looked above into the thick branches of the tree overhead to make sure that no bird was there.

But Kimo's happiness was of short duration. The very next day he chanced to overhear a conversation between two village women that distressed him greatly. "Auwe!" one woman had wailed. "Pualani is in great trouble again."

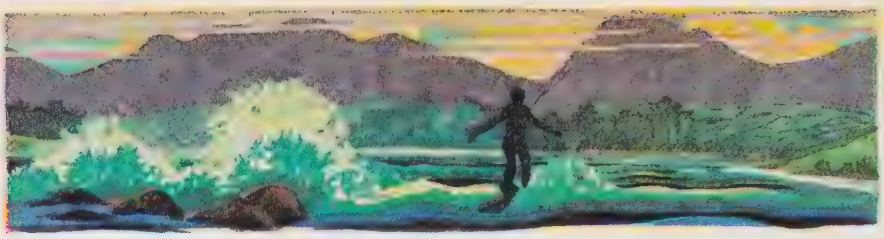
"Eh?" had come the other's inquisitive response, as she squatted on the bank of the stream and went about her washing.

"Keeaumoku caught her sending a message in a banana blossom to the stranger who stole her necklace. Now he has shut her in her hut and says that she must stay there until the boy leaves the valley."

Kimo had waited to hear no more. His mind was made up. He must leave Waiole at once.

So now returning to Hana, he said, even before she had a chance to question him, "I am going home tomorrow. Some day you will tell Lani that I did not mean to bring unhappiness to her."

"Ae, I will tell Lani. It is best that you go away from here," and there was a sob in Hana's voice, for she realized that she would miss the boy keenly. "Go home and tell my brother, Hakau, that—that I could not do as he asked. Keeaumoku—never forgives."



CHAPTER SEVEN

Kimo Makes a Rescue and Hears the Truth About the Necklace

IT WAS Pepo, who, with his raucous cry, aroused Kimo from his slumber next morning just as the last star was fading out of the sky. The boy stretched, yawned and rose to his feet. Through the door of the hut he could look straight down into the heart of the valley that had held so much unhappiness for him. Beyond he could glimpse the sea, its surface rising and falling in great lazy swells. He could almost hear the dull booming of the surf as it thundered inshore. How he longed to be down there on the beach with his surfboard which he had fashioned from a log of koa wood during the first days of his stay in Waiole. It promised to be a hot, muggy day. The wind was coming from the south. Why shouldn't he go? Hana was still sleeping soundly. There would be time for a swim before breakfast.

Picking up his board, which stood outside the door of the hut, Kimo, with panther-like ease, sprang over a clump of tangled shrubbery and took a short cut to the beach. He arrived there in time to see the last of the gray-feathered *uwau* seeking its nest on the rocks after a night of fishing. Kimo watched the bird whir away; then, shooting his board into the surf, he plunged in after it. Like a fish, he cut through the long curling waves, ducking his dark head completely under water, tossing it back to get the water out of his eyes. Then he climbed upon his board and, swim-

ming far out to sea, turned it shoreward and awaited the coming of a giant breaker. As soon as he sighted one, he got his board under way with quick, vigorous strokes. In another moment the wave had overtaken him and he was riding on the crest of it. As he sped madly forward, Kimo raised himself to a standing position, and thus poised, his arms outstretched, his body leaning slightly forward, he bared his chest to the lash of the stinging spray. Forgotten for the moment were all his troubles. He shouted and laughed from sheer joy. Two or three times he rode the waves and then at length he dragged his board up on the beach and rested in the shade of a cotton tree. He was lying there, day dreaming, when voices aroused him. Lifting himself on one elbow, he saw, a little distance farther down the beach, two boys making ready for a swim.

Kimo instantly recognized the older of the two as the boy who had run his sled into him. It was for Hana's sake only that Kimo refrained from challenging him to a fight. As it was, he watched with clenched fist, while Paki dove through an incoming wave and Kimo laughed heartily to himself when he saw a second wave tumble the boy roughly back on the beach. Paki's fat was no sign of muscle. The boy's companion was a far better swimmer than he.

Then suddenly, before Kimo could shout a warning, Paki, who was floating on his back with his eyes shut, was sucked into a spot known by all the villagers as the whirlpool. Caught by the swift undercurrent, he was being carried out to sea. With a wild shriek of terror Paki rolled over on his stomach and strove frantically to battle the current. But his efforts were of little use. He found himself going farther and farther out to sea. He screamed wildly for help. But already Kimo was running with his surfboard under his arm toward the rocky point that jutted out into the ocean. His board was heavy and the waves,

pounding against the rocks, blinded him with their spray, but he kept on going. Breathing hard, he fought his way to the extreme end of the point so that he was farther out to sea than Paki. Once there, he launched his board and, mounting it, caught a breaker inshore.

Soon he was abreast of the boy. With a sudden vigorous kicking of his feet, Kimo swerved his board so that the wave went on without him. Reaching out his hand, he seized Paki by the hair of his head and dragged him up on the front of his board. In another instant a giant wave was thundering down on their heads. It caught the board sidewise and pitched them both end over end into the boiling surf. When Kimo came to the surface, he dived after his board, recovered it, and somehow managed to pull the terrified Paki back on it. As soon as he had got his board into position, he began paddling with his arms and legs.

Soon they were riding on the crest of a wave, speeding shoreward at a tremendous rate. In shallow water at last, Kimo dumped Paki and shouldering his board struck off up the mountain trail.

Paki, who, after all, was none the worse for his experience, ran after Kimo. "Stop! Stop!" he called, panting for breath.

Kimo did not heed his cry. For a moment it seemed as if Paki were going to turn back; then, exerting every ounce of his strength, he began to run again. As Kimo was only walking very fast, Paki soon overtook him.

"It—it was your bird that stole Lani's necklace," he stammered, as Kimo at last stopped to see why the boy was following him.

"Pepo? My Pepo, you mean?" And suddenly Kimo's face was wreathed in smiles. Why had it not occurred to him before that his pet might be the thief that had stolen Lani's necklace? It would not have been the first time

that Pepo had got him into trouble. Anything small or bright seemed to fascinate him. At home he had brought him a veritable collection of pearl buttons, colored beads, bits of tinsel and shells from goodness knows where. "But how do you know this?" he demanded of Paki.

Paki's eyes sought the ground. Nervously he jerked from one foot to another. "I—I saw him, myself. Everyone else had gone off to play *puhenehene*. Lani had forgotten to take her necklace with her. Like that," and here Paki snapped his fingers to express the speed with which the bird thief had worked, "your bird flew down and picked it up in his bill."

"So you lied to Keeaumoku and Lani. You told them that I stole it." There was great loathing in the voice of Kimo, and Paki cringed before him. "All right," he went on, "you will come with me now and tell them both the truth."

Paki had not looked for this. For once he had acted on impulse, being for the moment grateful to Kimo for having rescued him. He did not, however, relish facing Keeaumoku. But Kimo pointed up the trail, and Paki, not daring to do otherwise, led the way up it. Kimo followed close on his heels, his dark head held high, his eyes filled with a triumphant light.

Straight to Keeaumoku's hut the two of them went. But Keeaumoku was not there, nor was there any sign of Mamo, or Lani.

As the two boys were about to turn away, however, Paki gave an awed cry. "Look!" he cried out, pointing his finger at the *forbidden* hut.

Kimo looked in the direction indicated. In a crumpled heap upon the ground outside the door lay the heavy piece of matting that always hid the interior of the hut from prying eyes. "But what of that?" asked Kimo.

"Auwe!" Paki whispered. "No one is allowed in that hut. The door is always closed."

Just then Kameho, the village priest, and a close friend of Keeaumoku's passed them by. Kimo could see that his eyes were wide with astonishment. Without paying them the slightest attention, the old man went hobbling to the hut. Kimo caught a muttered exclamation. Then he saw the man disappear inside of it.

Sensing that something was terribly wrong, Kimo followed after him. Upon entering the forbidden hut, he stopped abruptly. Only a dim light filtered through the narrow window openings. At first Kimo could not make out anything in the room. Then, his eyes becoming accustomed to the semi-darkness, he realized that directly before him was a row of *kahilis*, ancient staffs that once denoted the rank of chiefs. Before the kahilis stood another row of *ipu* gourds and *paho* drums, and on the wall back of them hung a helmet made of the roots of the *ie-ie* vine and covered with red and yellow feathers. There was also a fragrant sandalwood table of fine design, a bureau carved from koa wood, three ponderous leather trunks, and innumerable other things.

The one thing, however, that held Kimo's attention and rooted him to the spot was the portrait of a woman that hung at the farther end of the room. Somehow, somewhere, Kimo knew that he had seen that picture before. Where? Where could it have been? He racked his brain for the answer, but it refused to give up its secret. Going closer, Kimo studied the picture intently. Then he began to laugh softly. Why, of course, the face of the lady before him was like Lani's face, only a little older, a little more beautiful, perhaps. But, unlike Lani, whose slim little body had never known anything but the touch of stiff tapa cloth, this lovely woman was dressed in a gown of satin and lace,

with full puffed sleeves. Her dark hair was piled high on her shapely head and held in place by a large fan-like comb of tortoise shell. There was such laughing tenderness in her eyes that Kimo felt that at any minute she might step down from the gold frame and speak to him. There is no telling how long he would have stood there staring had he not heard a heartbreaking sob and then the soothing voice of Kameho.

Then Kimo stood very still, for he could see that a man was sitting propped up against one of the dusty leather trunks, and that that man was Keeaumoku.

"What is the matter?" Kameho asked kindly.

"They have gone. They have gone," came the broken answer.

"Who have gone?"

"My—my little Pualani and Mamo. Left me and gone across the mountains."

Then in a torrent of passionate words, Keeaumoku poured out to his friend all that he knew of Lani's flight. Returning from his rice fields that morning, he had noticed footprints leading directly to the forbidden hut, and hoof-prints that went from the corral up the mountain trail. Then, coming here to this hut, he had found beneath the picture of the beautiful lady a note from Mamo.

Smoothing out a crumpled bit of paper that still lay in his hand, he read the words that Mamo had so painstakingly

printed in charcoal. It was written in Hawaiian. Keeaumoku read it in Hawaiian, and this is the translation of it:

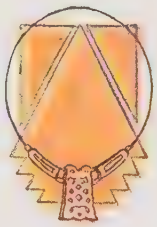
"Pualani's mother regretted deeply that she ever left Honolulu. Before she died she made me promise to take Pualani back there on her fourteenth birthday. I am taking her now. It is best. Mamo."

As he finished reading the letter Keeaumoku tore it into shreds and said, "Before nightfall we will bring Pualani back, but Mamo shall leave the valley forever. She has betrayed me."

Up to this time, Keeaumoku had not seen Kimo standing so quietly near him. At the moment of recognition, he demanded fiercely, "Why are you here?"

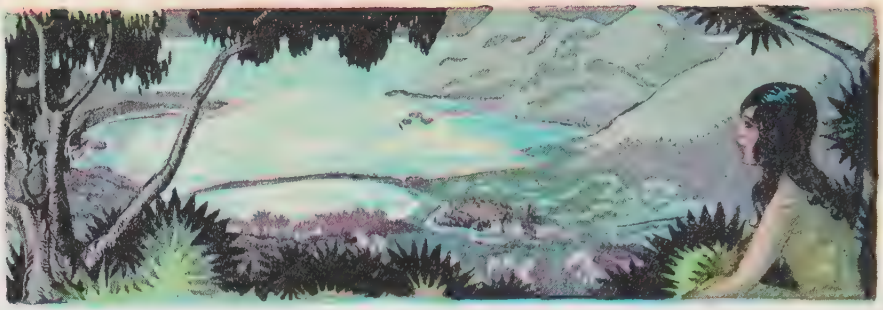
Kimo bravely stood his ground, though he was not at all sure that he should stay in the face of the old man's sorrow. Yet it was his only opportunity of clearing his name before departing from the valley. For Hana's sake at least he should remain.

"Paki is waiting outside," he said rapidly, "waiting to tell you who stole Lani's necklace." And before Keeaumoku had time to make any objections, Kimo summoned Paki and made him repeat his confession.



"Very well then," Keeaumoku said at the conclusion of Paki's words, "You did not steal the necklace, but it is because of you that Pualani has deserted me. You told her of the country beyond the mountains. You laughed at her tapa cloth dress and made fun of her beliefs. Go at once and never let me see you again."

Keeaumoku could not have hurt Kimo more had he taken a knife and run it through his heart. He had laughed at Lani but he had told her he was sorry. Still the boy did not stay to argue, but, with one last look at the lovely painted lady, he returned to Hana's hut.



CHAPTER EIGHT

Lani and Mamo Find a Friend

"WHAT will grandfather say when he finds that we have run away?" Lani asked of Mamo, as she slipped from her pony's back and sank with a sigh into a little hollow, deep among ferns and creeping vines. Below her, through a break in the trees, she could still see the little half moon of a village they had left and almost hear the farewell song of the stream that ran a silver ribbon through it.

"He will be very angry," Mamo confessed frankly, dismounting also from her steed and seeking a resting place in the grass beside Lani. "Still it is best," she added, breathing heavily.

"Do, please, Mamo, tell me more of my mother," Lani pleaded. "Oh, she was so beautiful, and her dress was shiny and lovely, like the petals of the magnolia blossoms." The child uttered a deep rapturous sigh as she spoke.

Contrary to Keeaumoku's strictest orders, Mamo had taken Lani with her into the forbidden hut before their flight and, by the light of a smoky *kukui*-oil lamp, she had showed her the portrait of her mother.

Lani had stood stunned before the lovely dark-eyed lady and then, holding her hands pressed against her heart, sobbed, "My mother!"

Brought up in absolute ignorance of any life save the one she was then living, she had been unable to compre-

hend the meaning of the gorgeous satin gown her mother wore. She wanted Mamo to tell her all about it, but Mamo, knowing that at any minute Keeaumoku might discover them, had warned her that they must hurry.

In wide-eyed bewilderment, Lani had watched Mamo unlock one of the big leather trunks that was stowed in the hut and take from it an assortment of things; a bag of coins, a pair of stout leather shoes, a smaller pair of black satin ones trimmed with beaded buckles, some undermuslin, yellowed with age, and two dresses—a simple one of calico and a gorgeous crimson one, with enormous sleeves and a bertha of rare old lace, but cut on the lines of the first dresses introduced into the islands by the American missionaries. *Holokus* they were called.

Having carefully rolled all of these things into as small a bundle as possible, Mamo had dispatched Lani to get some food, while she herself had gone to the corral to harness the ponies. They had no saddles, only bridles made of bone and coconut fiber. Having adjusted these, Mamo padded the ponies' feet with braided leaves to deaden the sound of them as they trotted over the rocky trail.

These scanty preparations made, Mamo and Lani had mounted their horses and, keeping to the deep shadows, for already a slender crescent moon like the rim of a silver bowl was sailing up into the heavens, started on their long journey that was to lead them both to an amazing adventure.

Now, after they had rested for awhile, Lani asked eagerly, "May I put on the pretty dress, Mamo?"

At Mamo's nod of assent, the child ripped off her tapa dress and cast it disdainfully aside. According to her instructions, she donned first the flimsy embroidered underthings, and over these slipped the crimson *holoku*. Next, she sat down upon the ground, and put her bare feet into the trim satin slippers, and proudly displayed them to Mamo.

Tears welled up in Mamo's eyes as she viewed the transformation, for it was as if Lani's mother had suddenly appeared before her. "She is lovely, lovely," she thought to herself, but all that she said aloud was, "Come now, Pualani, and help me into my dress."

Willingly, Lani did what she could to assist Mamo into the black calico gown, but her efforts were of no avail when it came to getting her calloused feet into the leather shoes. Poor Mamo had to content herself with slinging them over the pony's neck, so that any passerby might know that she possessed them.

Another hour found the two travelers halting just beyond a deep cut in the mountains to view the panorama before them. To the left towered the snow-crested peak of Mauna Loa, the great volcano, while far out on the rim of the sweltering sea rose the misty peaks of other islands. Directly below them stretched acre upon acre of shimmering green cane lands, with massive steel and iron buildings dotting the greenness. Volumes of black smoke were belching forth from the tall chimneys of some of these buildings.

"We are going to the Naihe Sugar Plantation yonder," Mamo informed Lani, as they headed their horses into a narrow red dirtway. Clouds of dust swirled up from under their horses' hoofs. "I hope to find Mr. and Mrs. Waring there. They knew your mother." Then, with a shrug of her shoulders, Mamo went on. "Perhaps they have gone away. It is a long, long time since I last saw them."

It was nearing noon before Lani and Mamo gained the winding palm-lined driveway that led them out of the dusty highway to the Naihe Plantation House. They pulled their horses up to a walk as they approached the lovely old white house, surrounded on three sides by wide *lanais*, or piäzzas, and screened from the glare of the sun by a great monkey-pod tree.

A fair-haired lady was sewing on the piazza. At the sound of their horses' hoofs she looked up from her work. Then, laying it aside, she came to the railing, and, with an amused twinkle in her eyes, stood looking down at them.

What she saw was an aged Hawaiian woman in a loose flowing *holoku*, barefooted, holding grimly in one hand a pair of shoes, and an eager-eyed young girl arrayed in a flaming red silk gown with huge puffed sleeves, such as had been worn in the early nineties, her bare feet fitted snugly into a pair of ball-room slippers.

A little puzzled frown puckered her forehead as they halted before her. Then with a low cry, she ran quickly down the steps, hands outstretched. "Princess Kealoha," she cried out. "Oh, no, of course not, it cannot be, but you look so very like someone I used to know, long years ago." She was addressing Lani who had dismounted and was standing shyly beside Mamo at the foot of the steps.

"You have not forgotten then," Mamo said, a relieved smile spreading over her features. For the first time in years she spoke in the English language.

"Mamo!" exclaimed Mrs. Waring, turning to the old woman and seizing her rough hands in her own soft white ones.

"Ae, it is old Mamo, and this is Pualani, the *daughter* of Princess Kealoha."

"Princess Kealoha's daughter. What does this all mean? Where did you come from and where have you been hiding all these years? I have a hundred things to ask you, but you look tired. Do come in and rest first."

"I am tired," Mamo confessed. Her legs and back ached from the long unaccustomed ride. Lani, however, was still as fresh as a mountain rose.

As they were bidden, the two travelers followed Mrs. Waring into the house, Lani's eyes drinking in all the strange, unfamiliar things as they went.

"You are very like your mother, my dear," Mrs. Waring said, as they passed through a spacious hall into a bright chamber. "We were once great friends."

Lani's face dimpled into a smile but she made no reply.

"She cannot speak nor understand English," Mamo explained.

"In that case," laughed Mrs. Waring, "you will have to act as interpreter, Mamo. I never could master your language." Then, throwing open a door into a pretty blue and white tiled bathroom, she added, "There are towels, a plenty, and all the hot water you want. Make yourselves comfortable. I shall expect you on the *lanai* at one o'clock."

Lani uttered a big happy laugh as Mrs. Waring left them. Then she raced on tiptoes about the room, fingering the beautiful four-poster bed and the mosquito bar that hung above it, smelling of the perfumed soap, getting down on her hands and knees to inspect the Chinese rug, and all the time asking Mamo so many questions that at last the old woman rebelled and, putting her hands over her ears, would listen to no more.

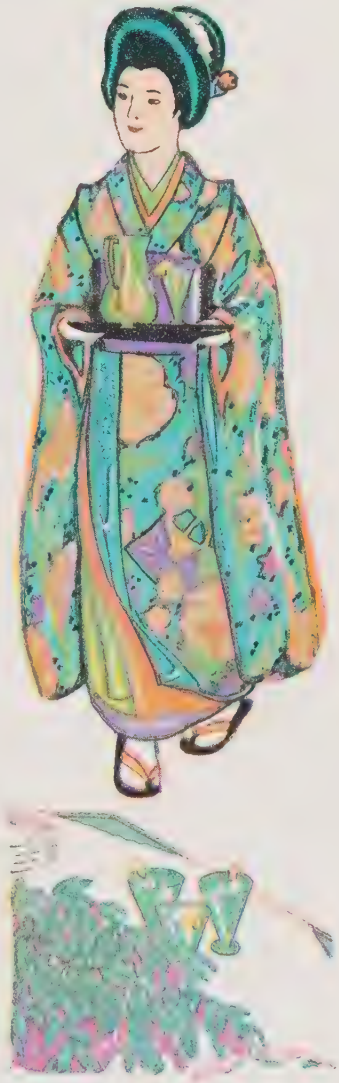
For fully five minutes Lani refrained from talking, but, when Mamo turned the faucet that let the water run into the tub, she burst forth into another avalanche of questions. Mamo must explain to her the use of the funny sponge, the shower bath attachment, the soap and the fuzzy towels. With little squeals of delight, Lani hopped into the tub. How refreshed she felt upon emerging from it a few minutes later! And how hungry, too!

At precisely one o'clock Lani and Mamo reappeared on the piazza. Mrs. Waring was waiting there for them, and Tura, a quaint kimono-clad Japanese maid, was busily setting the luncheon table.

As she was bidden, Lani slipped into a wicker chair before the table, but Mamo preferred to sit Hawaiian fash-

ion, cross-legged on the floor. With eyes luminous as stars, Lani watched Tura as she pattered about the piazza. Her funny dress, her sandals and short white socks, her hair drawn up in a high pompadour, and held in place by fan-shaped pins; everything about her, in fact, filled Lani with fresh wonder.

When she had carefully inspected Tura, Lani turned her attention to the table before her. There was a tiny embroidered napkin, a silver knife, fork, and bouillon spoon, a slender lemonade straw and a pink flowered plate. Lani hadn't the remotest idea what they were all for, having all her life eaten with her fingers.



So now when Tura set a bowl of steaming soup before her, she picked it up in both hands, and drank from it. Mamo would have stopped her, but Mrs. Waring shook her head, saying quietly, "Don't make her unhappy, Mamo. Later you can explain to her. And now I can't wait longer to begin my questioning."

"I scarcely know where to begin," she went on. "There is so much that I want to know, for I never once heard from Princess Kealoha after she and her family so mysteriously disappeared from Honolulu."

Mamo nodded.

"Is Princess Kealoha—still living?" Mrs. Waring asked gently.

"No. She died long ago."

"But why, why did she ever leave Honolulu without so much as a goodbye to any of us?"

It was a long story that Mamo had to tell Mrs. Waring—a story of love and bitterness; of a terrible loneliness; of a proud old man who was eating his heart out back there in Waiole, and lastly of the child Lani herself, and the boy Kimo.

In absolute silence Mrs. Waring listened, re-living, as she did so, days long past—days of revolution in the city of Honolulu when the Americans, believing that the Hawaiian Queen was not a wise ruler, took things into their own hands, and taking away her throne and her crown, set up a republic of their own. Old Keeaumoku was then one of the Queen's advisers.

Mrs. Waring did not have to be told of his bitter resentment toward all Americans after the revolution. She remembered well how he had shut himself up in his lovely house up in Wailele Valley and had refused to see anyone. Her own father had once attempted to convince him that the islands were far better off under American rule. "Hawaii for the Hawaiians." That had been Keeaumoku's only response to her father.

Then, one morning, Mrs. Waring had awakened to hear that in the night old Keeaumoku and his daughter, Princess Kealoha, and her family and a number of loyal royalists had set sail on a schooner for parts unknown. From that day forth Mrs. Waring had received no word from them.

CHAPTER NINE

The Story of the Little Lost Prince

SCARCELY had Mamo finished her story when Mrs. Waring's daughter, a lively bit of humanity known as Mary Louise, came dashing up the piazza steps.

"Oh, mumsey, who is it?" Mary Louise whispered in a very audible whisper, as she spied the crimson-gowned Hawaiian girl. Mary Louise was some six years younger than Lani. Her hair was red, and her nose and cheeks were sprinkled generously with freckles. Now she halted on the top step and viewed Lani frankly out of big blue eyes.

"This is Princess Pualani, Mary Louise," Mrs. Waring said.

"A real Princess?" Mary Louise asked in awe. "Oh, daddy, come! We've got a Princess." This last was shouted mysteriously to the big man who was following her up the steps. "Please, mumsey, may I take her down and show her to Jim?"

Mrs. Waring smiled indulgently. "She's not a doll, dear, but a very real little girl. Perhaps she would like to go down with you, however, to see what Jim is doing."

"Want to come?" invited Mary Louise with the friendliest smile.

Quickly Mamo explained to Lani in her own language what it was that Mary Louise wished. Very shyly then Lani followed Mary Louise.

As soon as the children were out of ear-shot, Mrs. Waring turned to her husband, "Dick, this is Mamo. You remember her, don't you?"

Mr. Waring faced the old native woman, who now had risen to her feet. "Why, of course," he exclaimed. "Aloha, Mamo."

"Aloha, aloha, Mr. Waring," came Mamo's soft-voiced reply.

"And the child?" questioned Dick, interested at once.

"She is Princess Kealoha's daughter," Mrs. Waring informed him. "Mamo has been telling me how, because of her grandfather's hatred of all Americans, she has been virtually kept a prisoner in the little secluded valley on the windward coast of this island where she was born."

As quickly as she could, Mrs. Waring repeated to her husband the story that Mamo had related to her.

"But," Mr. Waring once interrupted her, "I thought that Princess Kealoha had a son, too, born before they left Honolulu."

"That's just what Mamo and I wanted to talk over with you, Dick. There was a son. His name was Liliha. He was a very sickly child, and Princess Kealoha was deeply concerned about his health. Naturally, I supposed she took him with her. But it seems that she did not. She didn't dare take him where she could not get medical aid. I think from what Mamo said that at the last minute the Princess herself did not wish to leave Honolulu. It was too late, however, to change her plans.

"While the shutters of her house were being nailed in place and the big door bolted, a wild scheme flew into Princess Kealoha's mind. She sat down at her desk and with the tears streaming down her cheeks, wrote a letter to the Queen, begging her to adopt her son Liliha.

"There isn't much more. After writing the letter, the

Princess summoned an old and trusted servant, who had planned to sail with them, told him that he must remain behind in Honolulu, and at daybreak carry Liliha and the letter to the Queen."

Mrs. Waring ended her tale with a little sigh. Her husband glanced quickly at her, to see her brows knitted in a puzzled frown.

"Did the Queen adopt the little fellow?" he asked.

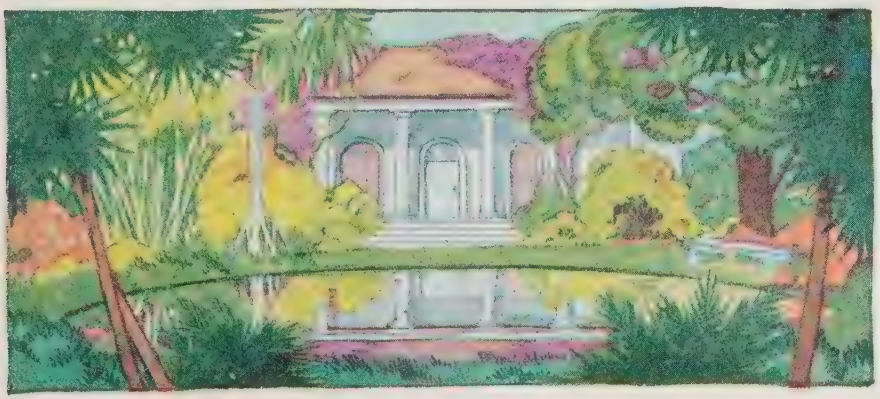
"Mamo is certain that because of the love she bore the Princess the Queen would do so. Still I do not remember ever having heard of a son adopted at that time."

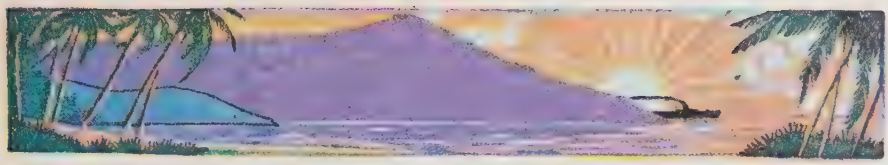
"Um," mused Mr. Waring. "Does Pualani know that she has a brother?"

"No. Wisely enough, Mamo decided not to tell her about him until we could make sure that he is living. Otherwise, she might be needlessly disappointed."

"Suppose I do a bit of detective work for you while I am in Honolulu on business next week," Mr. Waring suggested.

"Indeed that is just what I hoped you would do," agreed Mrs. Waring. "I want you to find Liliha, and also to find out about Princess Kealoha's estate. She was a very rich woman. There should be a fortune awaiting her children."





CHAPTER TEN

Two Letters of Importance

FOR FOUR days Kimo had been traveling, he and Mahope and the saucy Pepo, climbing slowly up the treacherous mountain pass and across a desolate lava waste, where only a few scraggly cacti managed to subsist, then going down through the rich cane lands to Hilo, New Moon, a thriving seaport, where he boarded a steamer for Honolulu.

Now as he stepped ashore in Honolulu, the noises of the bustling little city nearly deafened him after the intense quiet of Waiole.

Mounting his donkey, Kimo turned him into the main thoroughfare. As usual, Pepo perched upon his shoulder. Away they went, up one street, down another, and through a narrow back alleyway that bordered the big fish market. Kimo began to whistle again in his old joyous way, for soon he would be at home with his father.

Then suddenly, coming to a street intersection, Kimo jerked Mahope up short, just in time to let an open victoria, drawn by two glossy black horses, cross in front of him. He gazed after it with a look of admiration in his eyes. In the carriage rode a sweet old lady, dark-skinned like himself. She was wearing a gown of finest silk. To shade her eyes from the glare of the sun, she held over her head a ruffled black parasol.

"Make your bow, Pepo," Kimo whispered in the bird's ear, "for there goes the Queen."

Though it was many, many years now since this charming old lady had worn a crown on her head, or carried the

royal sceptre in her hand,—she would always go on being *Queen* to her own native people,—for she had once been the ruler of all Hawaii. Whatever her faults had been, they loved her.

Curiously enough, as Kimo made this remark to Pepo, the Queen in her carriage was saying to her coachman: "Kamu, who was the nice-looking boy who stopped his donkey to let us by?"

"Your Majesty, I do not know," Kamu made answer.

"You will find out his name, Kamu. I heard him whistling, and it delighted my soul. Bring him to me, someday, and let him whistle for me."

Kamu was not surprised at the Queen's request; he knew her passion for music.

"Very good, your Majesty," and away went the victoria out of Kimo's sight.

Once beyond the city limits, Kimo turned Mahope into a coral roadway which lead away from the main thoroughfare and went zigzagging across a piece of swampy country. This soon brought him out before a small wooden house over which clambered a gorgeous purple flowering bougainvillea vine.

"Whoa!" shouted Kimo to Mahope, and, sliding from his donkey's back, he stood for a moment surveying the scene before him, his face wreathed in smiles. This was his home. He loved every inch of it and had been terribly homesick for it. He had helped his father to build the neat little house, and he himself, under the instruction of the manual training teacher at the school he attended, had made the bee-hives that stood under a flowering algaroba tree. The flat-bottomed boat, moored to a stake in the duck pond, was another bit of his own handiwork.

Mahope and Pepo both seemed as delighted as their master at finding themselves in a familiar spot. The donkey went capering off to his own quarters, a low shanty that stood at the rear of the house, while Pepo whirred off to see what he could steal out of a rival's nest.

But what a forlorn homecoming it proved to be for Kimo! Bounding up the steps of the house, he shouted "Father! Father!" Only the echo of his own voice answered him. Suddenly the thought flashed through the boy's head that he had not seen a duck on the pond. Usually there were a hundred or two of them. He pushed open the door and ran inside. That the door was not locked meant nothing, for bolts and locks were seldom used in Honolulu.

Everything was in order in the house. Red and white patchwork quilts were spread neatly across the mattresses of the two iron beds. A red calico tablecloth covered the straight wooden table. A kerosene lamp, ready for use, stood upon the table, and beside the iron stove was a basket of kindling wood. Kimo tried to persuade himself that his father had only gone away visiting for a day or two. He would go out and feed Mahope and perhaps he would meet one of their neighbors who could tell him of the whereabouts of his father.

As he had hoped, a fisherman, returning home with his catch soon happened that way.

"Can you tell me where my father is?" Kimo asked, hurrying out after him.

The fisherman was surprised to see Kimo for Hakau himself had told him that the boy was going to live in Waiole forever. All he said, however, was, "Your father is very ill at the city hospital."

His father at the hospital! Kimo managed to gulp out a "Thank you." Then swiftly he raced back to Mahope.

With hands that trembled a little, he put on his bridle and, mounting him, headed back toward the city.

Disappointment was in store for him there, too, for he learned at the hospital that his father was too ill for visitors.

"Couldn't I whistle to him?" Kimo asked the ward nurse who had brought him this news. "He—he always liked to hear me whistle."

Smiling a bit at the boy's odd request, the nurse said kindly, "If you stand under that window yonder, and whistle very, very softly so that you won't disturb the other patients, I'm sure it will do no harm."

Going to the window indicated, Kimo began to whistle the sweetest, most glorious bird song that ever came from mortal lips. The nurse looked up in glad surprise. She saw Kimo standing below the window, his dark curly head up-tilted, his big brown eyes staring dreamily up at the wall behind which he knew his father lay desperately ill.

Hakau, himself, had taught Kimo in the beginning, but soon pupil had outstripped teacher, and he was left to sit and wonder at the music that came from the lips of the boy.

Now old Hakau tried to raise himself on his elbow and call to Kimo, but with a little groan he slipped back on his pillow. After Kimo had gone and the nurse had come in to give Hakau his dinner, she heard him murmuring feebly, "What brought him back? What brought him back?"

"It's very odd," the nurse said a few mornings later, as she and the head nurse were discussing Hakau's condition. "He really isn't very ill. To me, he seems to be living in terror of something. What it is I don't know, though it seems to have something to do with his son. At the mention of his name he shuts up like a clam. The boy's such a splendid, manly chap, too. It doesn't seem as if he could ever have done anything very bad."

"Well, keep the boy away for awhile yet," the head

nurse advised. "In spite of himself, the old fellow is getting well. We'll soon be discharging him from the hospital."

Finding that there was nothing that he could do to help his father, Kimo returned to school. Mrs. Kincaid, the principal, welcomed him heartily.

"You have returned just in time, Kimo," she said. "In a fortnight there is to be a great reception in the Queen's garden for some distinguished visitors to the islands, and the pupils of this school have been asked to sing some of the old Hawaiian songs. Somewhere the Queen heard you whistling and there is a special request, asking you to give your bird-songs."

Kimo beamed. How happy it would make his father to learn that the Queen desired to hear him whistle. He could scarcely wait for the end of the second week when the nurse told him he might at last visit his father.

But as days have a way of doing, they passed into eternity, one after another, and finally there was Kimo, going through the long hospital corridor behind a nurse. Soon he was at his father's bedside.

"Aloha," he whispered softly, for the old man's eyes were closed.

Hakau's eyes fluttered open. With a little groan, he asked, "Did you not give my letter to Hana?"

"Yes, father."

"What did she say?" And Hakau's eyes never for an instant left Kimo's face.

Kimo tried to laugh. "Oh, she said she could not do what you wanted her to do."

"She told you what was in the letter?"

Kimo shook his head. "No," he answered simply. Then, hoping to bring a smile to his father's wan lips, he launched into a vivid description of his adventures in Waiole.

Once or twice a smile swept across Hakau's haggard

face, but at the least mention of Keeaumoku or Lani, it would vanish and there would come a frightened look instead. Suddenly stretching out his hand, he caught Kimo by the arm and whispered, "Go home! Look under the mattress on my bed! You will find two letters there. Take them to the person to whom they are addressed! Then, if you want, come to me."

Kimo slipped quietly out of the hospital, sensing that a mystery of some kind was hanging over his head. It was only six o'clock but already it was dark, for in the tropics there is no twilight. Usually Kimo delighted in his ride through the city streets, especially through the ones that crossed the Japanese and Chinese quarters. He liked to stop and gaze in at the shop windows lighted by strange painted lanterns. He liked to feast his eyes on the toys displayed there; mammoth paper fish, kites with amazing tails, miniature warships, drums, whistles, everything a boy's heart could desire. But tonight Kimo's eyes were fixed on the road ahead of him. His thoughts were all of his father and the two letters. To whom would they be addressed?

It was little wonder that a surprised exclamation escaped from him when an hour later he drew forth from under his father's bed the letters of which he had spoken.

"The Queen!" he exclaimed. "Both of them are for the Queen."

Holding them close to the oil lamp, Kimo examined the letters carefully. One was slightly yellowed with age. The other was of recent date and in the uneven handwriting of his father.

Remembering that on the morrow he was to attend the reception in the Queen's garden, Kimo stowed the letters in the pocket of his one best pair of trousers. Then he climbed into bed and in spite of his excitement was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

An Amazing Proposition

NEVER after that first day at the Plantation House did Lani make the mistake of drinking from her soup bowl, for she quickly learned to pattern her manners after those of Mrs. Waring. And with an ability that astounded every one she rapidly picked up enough English words to make herself fairly well understood.

Shortly after Mr. Waring's departure for Honolulu, to Lani's intense delight, Mrs. Waring made numerous trips to the plantation store, returning each time with some dainty bit of wearing apparel for her.

Whenever Lani was allowed to don one of these creations, she would dance off to stand in awe before Mrs. Waring's long mirror. What would her grandfather say if he could see her thus arrayed? At thought of him, Lani usually became very solemn for a moment, for, in spite of his severity, she loved him dearly. Still she was not willing to return to Waiole.

It was not long before a letter came from Mr. Waring to his wife. It read:

"Dearest Anne:

I have seen the Queen. She was greatly interested in all I had to tell her about Princess Kealoha and her family, but she knows nothing whatsoever about Liliha. He was never brought to her. However, she requests that I invite you to bring Paulani and Mamo to Honolulu immediately. There is to be a reception at her home on Saturday. Having told her of Pualani's knowledge of all the old *meles*, the Queen desires to have the child chant them before her guests.

As to the estate, I find that Princess Kealoha owns con-

siderable stock in the Haleiwa Sugar Plantation, and that for years the dividends have been accumulating. The old house up in Wailele still stands, shuttered and bolted as it has been all these years. The taxes on it have always been paid. I understand there is an old caretaker who attends to it. As yet I haven't been able to locate him. Will hope to have more news for you by the time you arrive here. I have reserved cabins on the *Claudine* for you all. She sails on Thursday at five.

Ever yours affectionately,

DICK."

Having read this letter, Mrs. Waring sent at once for Mamo. "I am so glad, Mamo, that you never told Pualani about her brother, for, as I feared, he must have died the night his mother left. You, yourself, said that he was very ill."

Mamo bowed her gray head. She had hoped, for Lani's sake, to find the brother she had never known, for he would have been several years older than she, and very soon have been capable of taking care of her.

"It's a disappointment, Mamo, but you must forget about it and think only of your trip back to Honolulu."

A faint smile lighted Mamo's kindly face. "Thursday we go back," she repeated softly.

"Yes, Mamo."

At five o'clock sharp on Thursday, the *Claudine*, an inter-island boat, steamed out of Hilo Harbor. On her upper deck stood Mrs. Waring, her daughter, and Lani and Mamo. One would scarcely have recognized in the exquisitely dressed dark-skinned child the little wild creature of Waiole Valley. She wore a dress of pale yellow linen. Her mass of riotous black curls was confined under the broad-brimmed hat with the daisies on it. To complete her costume, there were white silk stockings and low black shoes.

Mr. Waring met them at the dock and escorted them to a waiting automobile. Lani could scarcely speak she was so astonished at all she saw; automobiles, electric cars, bicycles, people from all parts of the globe; shops, their windows filled with tempting wares.

At length they came to a beautiful white-pillared mansion in the midst of a garden of strange and beautiful trees and shrubs.

The Queen was waiting for them in the drawing room. She was seated in an exquisitely carved chair of koa wood between two royal *kahilis*, feather-topped staffs, her lap full of roses. And everywhere about her in the room were maidenhair ferns and her beloved orchids. Very regal she looked in her simple black *holoku* of lustrous satin.

"Aloha! Aloha to you all, and to you especially Pualani, daughter of the beloved Princess Kealoha," she greeted them as they entered the room.

Lani returned the greeting with one of her rare, beautiful smiles. At a motion from the Queen, she sank down on a low stool at her feet.

"So you have come to dance and sing for me," the Queen continued graciously.

"Ae, Your Majesty."

"Now tell me, sweet child, of your life in Waiole."

Very simply Lani told of her life in the secluded valley, and the things that she told about her grandfather brought tears to the eyes of the Queen.

As soon as she had concluded her story, the Queen turned to Mr. Waring with an amazing proposition. "I have a plan," she began. "I want Keeaumoku here by tomorrow afternoon. There is only one way by which this may be accomplished."

"And that way?" questioned Mr. Waring.

"He must come by aeroplane."

"But," protested Mr. Waring, "you must realize such a journey would be very dangerous."

"I expected you to be startled," replied the Queen calmly. "Still I realize, too, that only by appealing to Keeaumoku's adventuresome spirit may we hope to persuade him from his home. Tom Meed flies at daybreak tomorrow for the island of Hawaii. You will inform him that he is to bring back as passenger one Keeaumoku of Waiole."

So it was that Tom Meed, flying low over the treetops of Honolulu next morning, long before the city had aroused from its slumbers, carried with him a map with the exact location of Waiole marked on it.

A little later that morning, while Mary Louise and Lani were playing in the garden, the Queen summoned Mr. and Mrs. Waring and Mamo to her, to discuss the story of Liliha.

"What was the name of the servant to whom the baby was given?" she first asked of Mamo.

"Joseph Hakau," Mamo answered.

"Joseph Hakau?" broke in Mr. Waring. "Why, he is the caretaker of Princess Kealoha's home. I found out where he lived and went to see him, only to be told by his son that he was in the hospital very ill and was not allowed visitors."

"Ah," said the Queen, eagerly. "You say this Hakau has a son?"

"Yes, a handsome chap."

"Mamo," the Queen questioned turning to the faithful old nurse, "did you know that this Hakau had a son?"

Mamo thought for a moment. Hakau had been a servant in Princess Kealoha's household for years, but he had been in charge of her great fish ponds and came seldom to her home in Honolulu. Mamo had never even seen his wife.

"Yes, yes, I remember now," she said at length. "It was just before Christmas time. Princess Kealoha gave

orders that I should make several dresses for the child. It was a boy. They called him Kimo."

"And how old would he be now?"

Mamo had lost all track of time, but after considerable thought, she did recall that the boy was born during the year of annexation.

"That would make him fifteen," Mr. Waring volunteered.

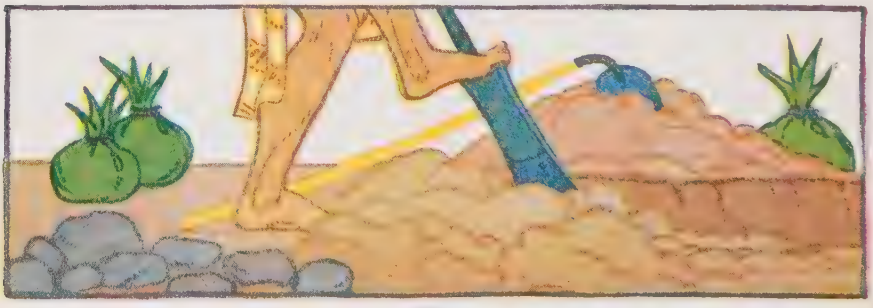
"Yes, I should say this boy was that age."

The Queen seemed disappointed. For a moment the possibility of this Kimo being the Prince Liliha had entered her mind. However, realizing that Hakau alone could solve the mystery for them, she said, "We must see this man Hakau as soon as he leaves the hospital."

A member of the committee in charge of the afternoon's entertainment arrived just then, and put an end to any further discussion of the little Prince.

So much excited that they couldn't keep still, Mary Louise and Lani dashed from one corner of the garden to the other. Out under the coconut trees at the rear of the house, a native was digging an earth-oven, just as Keeaumoku had dug one the day of Lani's birthday feast, for the Queen had commanded that a real old-fashioned *luau*, or feast, be served her guests.

Standing there, watching the man dress the pig, Lani's thoughts flew off to her grandfather. Would he really come back in the big gray bird that Mr. Waring had told her about?



CHAPTER TWELVE

A Command from the Queen

IT HAD been raining in Waiole, a great torrent of rain that had swelled the singing stream until it nearly overflowed its banks and changed its song to a mighty roar. But at last the sun came out, drying up the rain puddles, and flinging a dazzling rainbow across the head of the valley.

Old Keeaumoku, standing at the opening of his hut, neither looked up at the rainbow, nor heard the voice of the stream. He stood staring out at the narrow thread of a trail that wound up the face of the mountain, his lips set in a grim determined line.

Some time had passed now since Lani had fled up that trail. Would she ever come down it again? In his heart the old man knew that she would not, and he was sorely troubled. Had he, after all, been wise in hiding his grandchild away from the eyes of the world all these years? It

was not easy for a man like Keeaumoku to admit that he had been mistaken, but, standing there before his rude little hut, surveying the country before him, he was not quite so sure of himself.

His life was well-nigh spent, and he was content to live out his days in peace. But what of Lani, filled with the vigor and vitality of youth? Well did Keeaumoku remember his own boyhood days; his keen desire for adventure, to do things in the world, to climb ever upward. All this he had denied his own grandchild, forcing her, because of his own bitter disappointment, to live with her thoughts on the past rather than on the future.

Deep in his own thoughts, Keeaumoku did not at first hear a far-distant humming that seemed to come from out the air itself, for it was not unlike the noise of the surf as it broke across the out-lying reef. Then it became more distinct, a weird droning like the sound of a hundred *pahu* drums being beaten for a hula dance. Louder and louder it grew, until the valley echoed with its roar. An earthquake, thought Keeaumoku, rousing from his reverie, for it was not so many years since the sleeping volcano on the other side of the mountains had awakened and spat forth fire with this same weird roaring sound. Still, though there was now this tremendous deafening rumble, the ground beneath Keeaumoku's feet did not vibrate.

Puzzled, the old man gazed out across the valley. There was nothing unusual in sight.

Then a queer thing happened. A dark shadow swooped across the ground at his feet, and a coconut tree within a stone's throw of him, swayed down as if driven by a violent gust of wind. Quickly Keeaumoku glanced upward. Could he believe his eyes, or had his sorrow suddenly driven him mad? High above him sailed a gigantic bird. Fascinated, Keeaumoku watched it, as it shot up above the

clouds, only to glide down again until it scarcely breasted the tops of the trees. In another minute it had disappeared from sight, coming to land just beyond the coconut grove.

Keeaumoku's heart beat like a trip hammer. Though not one word of this recent invention, the aeroplane, had reached his ears, he sensed that this bird was man-made and driven by power. Silently, swiftly, now he moved toward the coconut grove. Close on his heels followed most of the people of the village. They, too, were mystified and a little frightened by this strange thing.

On the other side of the coconut grove lay a bit of gently rolling country. One lone wind-twisted koa tree kept vigil there. It was in this spot that Tom Meed, brought down his plane. It was ticklish business, but he made a perfect landing. As Keeaumoku approached, he was climbing out of his machine. He was garbed in helmet, goggles, leather coat and life belt. Some of the natives, upon seeing him, took to their heels. Keeaumoku did not stir. He was breathing deeply and his eyes were lighted with a strange fire, but he uttered no word of welcome to the stranger.

Pulling off his goggles, Tom Meed, a broad grin on his face, called out, "Hello, everybody. Believe me, this is some landing field. Whew! Needed a telescope to find it." He paused a moment, then continued, "What's the trouble?"

No one had answered his cheerful greeting. They just stood staring open-mouthed, all save Keeaumoku, whose face was as expressionless as stone.

"Look here, isn't there one of you who can speak the English language? Don't tell me I've got to explain my errand with the sign language."

At this Keeaumoku stepped forward. Not the trace of a smile, however, softened the lines of his face.

Tom Meed said later that he felt as if the old man's eyes were boring holes clean through him.

"Why have you come?" That was Keeaumoku's question. No aloha, no word of welcome in response to the aviator's friendly smile, just that one short question, spoken perfectly in English.

"Well, that's better," ejaculated Tom Meed. He put his hand into the pocket of his leather jacket and drew forth an envelope. "A letter from the Queen to—er, let me see, one Keeaumoku."

For the second time that day Keeaumoku was inclined to distrust his ears. He made no move to claim the letter addressed to him.

"Fierce old chap," thought Tom Meed to himself. Then, glancing at his watch, he said with a whistle, "Say, look here! I'm under orders to get this man Keeaumoku back to Honolulu by four o'clock this afternoon. Will you tell me where to find him?"

"I am Keeaumoku."

"Good! Here you are." And Tom Meed thrust the letter into the old man's hand.

No one need tell Keeaumoku that the Queen herself had addressed this missive to him. He recognized her beautiful handwriting instantly. The letter she wrote to him was short. It read: "You have the honor of being requested to make the first passenger flight between the island of Hawaii and Oahu. We await with keen interest your arrival."

What a wise Queen she was. Two or three times Keeaumoku reread those words "first passenger flight."

But whom did the Queen mean by *we?* Could she mean herself and Liliha, the little grandson whose name had never passed his lips since that fateful night when, too late, he had learned that his daughter Kealoha had left him behind in Honolulu?

Keeaumoku now said, "I shall be ready in five minutes."

"Fine," the aviator responded heartily, and he could not help smiling a bit at the sensation he would create when he landed on the flying field in Honolulu with this Hawaiian dressed only in a malo.

But Tom Meed need not have smiled, for when Keeaumoku returned he was no longer the chief of yesterday. In sheer admiration, the aviator watched him approach. Looking neither to right nor left, Keeaumoku came among his people again. He was in full afternoon dress—wearing a long black cloth coat, pepper and salt trousers and a gray tie. A scarlet ribbon crossed his shirt front. A tall silk hat crowned his white head. His suit was of a fashion no longer in style, his shirt was yellowed with age, and his hat was mildewed by dampness. He looked immensely grotesque, and yet there was a dignity to it all, and Tom Meed would never have dreamed of laughing.

In his own native language, Keeaumoku explained to his people the reason for his hasty departure. Then, exchanging his hat for the helmet that Tom Meed offered him, he climbed into the cockpit, his heart all the while beating a mad tattoo.

With a good deal of sputtering, the engine of the aeroplane started up. The gray bird began to taxi slowly across the stretch of level land, gaining speed as it went. Soon Keeaumoku realized that they were rising, though he felt as if the world were falling away from him. He looked back at the little group of people who had stayed to watch his departure. He knew that they were shouting their alohas to him, but the unending noise of the motor drowned out their voices. Up over the tree tops they sailed. Soon they were passing high over Waiole Beach and heading out to sea. Far, far below him, Keeaumoku could see a thin line of surf, encircling the island like a flimsy white cobweb.

They struck a sudden vicious squall crossing the Molokai Channel. To get out of it, Tom Meed shot his plane straight up above the clouds, and for a time all that Keeaumoku could see was whiteness about and below him.

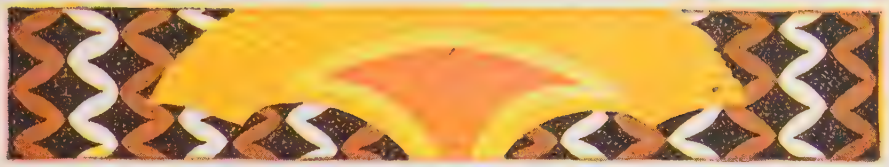
It was up there above the clouds that all the hatred seemed to melt out of Keeaumoku's heart. If the white people had brought such marvelous things as this aeroplane to his people, surely they could not be as greedy and selfish as he had thought them.

As suddenly as they had shot up to a great altitude, Tom Meed nosed his aeroplane down again.

"We are going to land," he shouted above the din of the engines.

With overwhelming joy, Keeaumoku looked down on the city he had always loved so well. He was amazed at its growth during the years he had been in voluntary exile. Here and there he could spot a familiar building.

Down on the field below them, Keeaumoku could see people scurrying around like so many ants. Almost before he had time to draw another breath, he found himself on the ground in the midst of the cheering multitudes. Tom Meed had made the first successful flight between the island of Hawaii and Oahu, and he, Keeaumoku, as his first passenger, was sharing the glory.



CHAPTER THIRTEEN

In The Queen's Garden

UP IN the big front room of the Queen's mansion, Pualani, once again dressed in her tapa cloth with a feather *lei* on her curly head, waited impatiently for the arrival of her grandfather.

"Is it not 'most time for grandfather to arrive?" Lani questioned of Mamo, who was arrayed for the first time in years in a black silk *holoku*.

"Ae, he will soon be here?"

"Oh, Mamo, is *that* my grandfather?" Lani exclaimed with an astonished cry. She was staring down out of the window at a tall soldierly man who had just got out of a motor. On the doorstep the old man hesitated a moment, his silk hat held in his hand; then, squaring his shoulders, he disappeared from Lani's sight into the mansion.

Without awaiting Mamo's answer, Lani fled out into the broad hallway and flew down the great staircase.

The drawing room was already buzzing with voices for a number of the Queen's guests had already arrived. But Lani had eyes only for the distinguished Hawaiian gentleman, who stood at the end of the hall.

"Grandfather, dear, dear grandfather," she cried out, and, racing to him, flung her arms about his neck.

"My little Pualani! My little Pualani!" Keeaumoku murmured over and over, as he held the child close to his heart. He had not dared to expect to find her here. His heart was full to overflowing with thankfulness.

Then suddenly Keeaumoku became conscious of the hush that had fallen over the assembly.

"Aloha, Keeaumoku." It was the Queen's voice.

Keeaumoku saw her seated before him with her two hands extended in greeting. He halted in the doorway for a moment, amazement written all over his face, for some of the people who were grouped about her he recognized as her former enemies. The Queen had not been nourishing her hatred, as he had, all these years. A bit unsteadily Keeaumoku walked across the big room, and, bending low before the Queen, he kissed her hand.

"Your Majesty, I have come as you commanded," he said.

"Welcome home," the Queen said gently. "It does no good to sit in the darkness. Come out into the sun." And Keeaumoku knew that the Queen was reproving him for his long absence from Honolulu.

While all this was taking place within the Queen's Mansion, Mrs. Kincaid, the principal of the Royal School, was marshalling her pupils to the rows of chairs that had been reserved for them out in the garden.

"Hi there, Kimo," shouted one of the boys, as they took their places. "Look! Pepo has come to see the Queen, too."

"Bad Pepo," Kimo called, spying his pet on a branch overhead. "Who told you that you could come here?"

"Attention!" came the sharp command of Mrs. Kincaid.

Abruptly one hundred and forty backs straightened. One hundred and forty pairs of restless feet ceased swinging.

"Now while the feast is being served, we will sing," announced Mrs. Kincaid. "We will begin with '*Like no a Like.*' Ready—one, two, three, begin."

One hundred and forty voices blended harmoniously, singing the sweet Hawaiian song.

After the singing and the feasting were over, a native boy ran out and lighted a row of torches that were to serve as footlights for the stage that had been hastily erected that morning. Then two boys filed in upon the stage. One was beating the *pahu* drum, while the other was shaking the *puili*, a bamboo stick splintered at the end so that it gave forth a sound like the wind in the trees. Then suddenly there danced out upon the stage a lithe young creature dressed in tapa cloth, her black curls bound with a feather *lei*. Gradually the beating of the drums ceased, and the dancer's voice was heard chanting an old *mele*.

Kimo half-rose from his chair. "Lani," he whispered.

"Be quiet! Be quiet!" shrieked the forgotten Pepo.

Though the child on the stage did not cease her chanting, she turned her head in a timid, startled way.

Back of the Queen's chair on the *lanai* Keeaumoku stirred uneasily. He had seen his granddaughter turn. To his intense relief, however, he saw her again face toward her audience. Little did he realize that in that one short moment she had seen Kimo, sitting very straight and tense in his chair.

Kimo wanted to cry out to Lani for fear that she would vanish again from his sight. But there was Mrs. Kincaid sitting near him, and he could only remain quietly and wonder how Lani happened to be here. The rest of the entertainment was like a dream to Kimo, and when it came

time for him to appear on the stage he feared that his legs would never carry him there. Somehow he did manage to get out of his chair and climb the steps to the stage. He made a stiff little bow to his audience. As he pursed his lips to whistle, he caught sight of Keeaumoku. Pualani had gone to sit on a little stool at his feet. The old man returned the boy's glance with one of astonishment. He thrust out one hand as if to push Pualani behind him.

Once more Kimo puckered his lips. They were as dry as a bone. He attempted a low note. Not a sound came from his lips. Kimo could see Mrs. Kincaid eyeing him nervously. He wanted to run away and hide his head with shame.

"Hurry up! Hurry up!" came an impatient voice from out the branches of the breadfruit tree.

A grateful smile flooded the boy's face. He stepped to the front of the stage. From his lips came the first mellow notes of a wild mountain bird's call. Regaining confidence, he began to trill, ascending the scale one note after another. Then came a little pause, followed by a rapid succession of notes; rapturous notes, inquisitive chirps, funny little staccato calls, deep-throated chuckles; as glorious a medley of song as ever poured from a bird's throat.

A round of enthusiastic applause burst upon Kimo's ears at the completion of his performance. He could see the Queen standing, her hands uplifted for silence. Quickly the applause faded away.

"Whistle '*Aloha Oe*' for me," came her command.

Into Kimo's heart leaped a thrill of pleasure. "*Aloha Oe*" was the Queen's own song, the one that she herself had composed. He stepped back into place, and the notes of that hauntingly sweet melody rose from his lips as clear as a flute.

There were tears in the eyes of some as he finished and found his way back to the chair near Mrs. Kincaid.

The programme for the day was ended now, and the guests began to take their leave. There were exclamations of delight, low laughter, farewells, alohas. Then came the musical voice of the doorman summoning automobiles and carriages, followed by the vibrant purr of motors and the clattering of horses' hoofs.

Once again Mrs. Kincaid marshalled her group of pupils into line. Left, right, left, right, and they, too, were off. But before they had reached the gate a white *holoku*-clad native woman came hastening after them. Quite out of breath, she panted to Mrs. Kincaid, "The Queen—she wishes—to speak—to the boy who whistled."

"Kimo," called Mrs. Kincaid, a look of pride on her kindly, careworn face.

"Here I am, Mrs. Kincaid."

Mrs. Kincaid put her hand on the boy's shoulder. "The Queen has sent for you," she said.

"For me?"

"Yes, for you. Go to her now, and—remember your manners."

As Kimo followed the native woman up the flight of steps into the white mansion, he suddenly remembered the two letters which lay in the pocket of his trousers. He had completely forgotten them. Now he drew them out, and, clutching them firmly in one hand, he came into the presence of the Queen.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

In Which a Mystery is Untangled

THERE were still a dozen or more people in the drawing room when Kimo made his way into the presence of the Queen. Her majesty was seated again in the lovely *koa* chair. Behind her stood Keeaumoku, as he had so often in the years gone by. On a stool at her feet sat Lani, lovely as a forest flower in a frock of lavender organdy. Mr. and Mrs. Waring, Mary Louise, Mamo and a few of the Queen's attendants were also present. All eyes turned toward the boy as he entered the room.

"Come here to me," said the Queen kindly.

Quickly Kimo crossed the room to her. He wondered if the people in the room could hear his heart thumping against his chest.

"I want you to tell me who you are, and also who taught you to whistle so beautifully," the Queen said, as the boy bowed low before her.

"My name is Kimo Hakau. My father taught me to whistle."

"Is your father still ill?" the Queen asked.

"Yes," he responded. "But he is much better, and the nurse says he will soon be home again." Then, remembering the letters in his hand, he added, "He told me to bring you these letters."

It was the Queen's turn to be surprised. She took the two letters that the boy held out to her and examined them

carefully. Then swiftly she ripped open the one that was slightly yellowed with age and began to read.

Having finished the first letter, she opened and read the second. A frown furrowed her forehead and an exclamation of anger escaped her lips, but it was quickly followed by a sigh of sympathy.

Then, putting the two letters down in her lap, the Queen addressed the little group about her. "Listen well, all of you.

"'To my beloved Queen:

Because the Americans have taken away your kingdom, my father is bitterly angry. As long as there was hope of restoring it to you, he remained in Honolulu; but now that America has annexed the islands, he has decided to go away. In the night we sail on his schooner to the island of Hawaii, where we hope to find a spot where we may live unmolested by the outside world. We intend to live simply, after the fashion of our ancestors, preserving for our descendants the customs of our people. Now that the time has come to go, my husband and I fear to take our precious boy with us, for, as you know, he has been very ill. I am sending him to you with a plea that I know you will not refuse: that you adopt him as your own.

"We shall never cease to think of you and pray for you both.

Ever yours affectionately,

KEALOHA.'"

There was silence in the big room after the reading of the letter, a silence broken only by the quiet sobbing of old Mamo, who, at the mention of her former mistress, could no longer restrain her tears.

Lani, though she realized that this letter was from her mother, could not grasp the meaning of it all. And Kimo knowing nothing of the beautiful Princess Kealoha who had once been the Queen's favorite, vaguely wondered why

all this should be of especial interest to him. He would have been very stupid indeed, however, had he not been able to see that this letter recalled some tragic memory to one person in the room.

Old Keeaumoku had stepped back into the shadows to hide his grief, but Kimo could see that his powerful shoulders were slouched forward, that his head was bowed, and tears were coursing unrestrained down his weather-beaten cheeks. A feeling of pity for the strange old man swept over Kimo. But the Queen was explaining the contents of the second letter to them.

"It is written in Hawaiian," she said, "and is from one Joseph Hakau, a former servant of Princess Kealoha. It was to him that the child Liliha was given on the night that the Princess left Honolulu with orders that he should bring him to me at daybreak."

Here the Queen paused for a moment. "Knowing that there was no one left in Honolulu who knew of the Princess' command to him, this Joseph Hakau took the child home to his wife and suggested that they keep him as their own son. His wife, bitterly lonely and unhappy because of the very recent death of their own infant son, Kimo, readily consented to this plan. Little Prince Liliha has since been known as Kimo Hakau."

One could almost feel the thrill of excitement that passed over the Queen's listeners. Kimo's eyes were shining with happiness, for he was beginning to understand. Suddenly, too, there had come to him the knowledge of where he had seen the painting of the lovely lady before.

A number of years previous to this time he had journeyed with his father to a house in Wailele—Leaping Waters. The house stood on the edge of a pool. To reach it one must cross a miniature bridge that spanned a mountain stream. Ever since Kimo could remember, the windows

of this house had been boarded up and the garden behind it over-run with weeds. Old Hakau, being the caretaker, inspected the house yearly, saw that everything was in its place, locked the big front door and came away again. Once Kimo had persuaded Hakau to take him with him, but he had never asked to go again, for somehow the big silent rooms had sent the chills creeping down his spine. Everything in the house had been left just as if the owners were expected back at any moment, only, when Kimo saw it, there was a layer of dust covering the furniture, and flimsy cobwebs hung from the ceilings. Upon the sideboard in the dining room was a silver tea service, tarnished black. A bowlful of withered flowers had stood on the dining-room table. At Kimo's touch they had crumbled into a handful of black dust.

Kimo shuddered at the very thought of it. He recalled now how he had kept close beside his father as they went from room to room. Then at last they had come to the formal drawing-room with its high ceilings and French windows opening out on the neglected garden. There over the grand piano he had seen a painting of a smiling, dark-eyed lady in a pose similar to the one in Keeaumoku's hut. For a moment he had expected the lady to wake and step down out of her frame. She had seemed so very alive. His father had caught him staring at the picture and had hurried him out of the room.

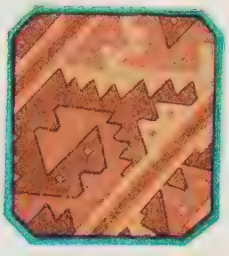
If his ears were hearing aright, this lovely lady with the laughing eyes was his mother. Could it be so? The Queen was talking again. Intently Kimo listened to her words.

"After the death of his wife, Hakau's conscience began to trouble him, for he knew that there was a big fortune awaiting the son of Princess Kealoha. Fearing to face me at this late day, he sent the boy to his sister Hana, who lives in Waiole, bidding her take him to his people.

"Hakau fell desperately ill shortly afterwards and thinking that he was about to die, he wrote this letter, begging my forgiveness and enclosing the key to the Princess' home in Wailele Valley."

Mrs. Waring exclaimed happily, "Why, Dick, our search is over. This boy here is Lani's brother."

Keeaumoku, coming from behind the Queen's chair, opened his arms to Kimo saying, "My grandson, Liliha, forgive me!"



Without the slightest hesitation, Kimo went to his grandfather. Forgotten and forgiven was the undeserved punishment that he had received at his hands in Waiole.

Throughout all this, Lani had been looking from one to the other, vainly trying to puzzle out what had happened to soften her grandfather's heart. She had not long to wonder, for Keeaumoku, calling her to him, said, "Little Flower of Heaven, this is your brother, Liliha." Then he explained to her in Hawaiian the marvelous thing that had happened.

"You mean he is my own brother?" Lani gasped, breathlessly.

Keeaumoku nodded.

With a joyful cry Lani flung herself into Kimo's arms.

Mamo, too, came from out her corner, for it was she who had crooned the baby, Liliha, to sleep during his infancy, and added her words of welcome to him.

After the first tremendous excitement had subsided, Keeaumoku said that Hakau should be severely punished for what he had done. But Kimo, whom we shall know from now on as Prince Liliha, shook his head vigorously. "No, no, my grandfather. He has been good to me. He is sorry for what he has done. Let him come to live with us up in Wailele."

"You are right, Liliha," the Queen said approvingly. "He has already had his punishment."

Liliha was not allowed to return that night to the house where he had been living all alone during Hakau's illness. The Queen insisted that he, too, should remain with her until such time as the house in Wailele could be made ready for occupancy. That night he sat at the long, polished table in the stately dining-room between Lani and Keeaumoku. Never had he nor Lani seen such an array of silver or glassware. Speechless, they sat there, scarcely touching a morsel to eat, though never had such tempting viands been set before them. After supper, the Queen excused them and hand-in-hand they went out into the garden, seeking Pepo. As soon as they found him, they sat down, the three of them, on a wooden bench under the banyan tree to watch a golden moon steal silently up into the heavens.

"And you and I will go to live in Wailele where mother once lived," Lani sighed happily.

"Ae," replied Liliha. "And we will take grandfather and Mamo and Hakau with us."

Lani slipped her hand lovingly into Liliha's and snuggled close to his side. "Ae," she whispered softly, "we will take them all with us."

"Wikiwiki! Wikiwiki! Hurry up!" shrieked Pepo, from his end of the bench.

Lucille
Webster
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